New Statesman

The Week-end Review

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Mysteries of Money

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by Barbara Castle

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Can You Sketch?
by Sir Kenneth Clark

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EASTERN MICHIGAN COLLEGE
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Queueing Up For Horror

LIKE the American sputnik, next week's Nato meeting promises to be an over-publicised fiasco – but far more dangerous for the West. It will, we are told, be the greatest gathering of world statesmen since 1919: but a gathering of the aged, like Adenauer and Macmillan, the sick, like Eisenhower, the bigot, like Salazar, and the impotent, like Gaillard. There is no evidence whatsoever that the meeting will face the real problems which confront it. How must we re-assess the Soviet challenge to the free world now that American power is overshadowed by Russian technology? Now that we have failed to outstrip Russia in the arms race, have we any political response to what is primarily a political threat? Such questions explain why Mr Lester Pearson has called for a new initiative for peace, and urged that our policy must not rest on the 'foundation of terror of destruction'.

Will the statesmen in Paris agree? Or will they drift on along the road to Armageddon? It is a road littered with the discarded impedimenta of the arms race: obsolete prototypes, bases abandoned half-completed, expensive and useless toys hurriedly cast away as each fresh phase of military technology opens. Now a new milestone is on the horizon. The inexorable logic of a policy based on the false premise that Russia is systematically working for the overthrow of the West by military force has brought us to the point where the arming of all Nato powers – including Germany – with nuclear missiles is being planned.

The taking of such a drastic step – which even many cold war enthusiasts regard as the point of no return in the nuclear *cortège* – will be neither easy nor rapid. No technical arrangements can be made before the Nato military meeting in March. Congress will have to amend the McMahon Act, and Eisenhower has not yet even indicated that he wishes it to do so. Many Americans, not least among the military, hesitate to confide the security of their country – now jeopardised by the Soviet missiles – into the hands of Germans by providing them with the weapons which will unleash the nuclear deluge. Millions of Germans, too, are reluctant to join the horror queue, realising that, by possessing such weapons, they will merely increase their own vulnerability. There is, finally, a growing number of Nato commanders who regard the entire philosophy of the limited deterrent as militarily unsound. Nevertheless, despite these difficulties, there seems little doubt that the Nato meeting will set in motion the machinery which, ultimately, will entrust A-bombs to the *Wehrmacht*.

How can this machinery be jerked into reverse? Arguments, fortunately, are emerging which will impress even those who remain unmoved by the horrors of nuclear annihilation, and whose minds are closed to all except military considerations. Poland, in conjunction with East Germany and Czechoslovakia, has proposed a controlled agreement under which the stationing of missile bases on these three territories and West Germany would be prohibited. This is a hard and practical suggestion, which would not disturb the military equilibrium, and which could be put to the test – if only because Russia itself, as the new Bulganin notes imply, is now convinced of the paramount necessity to keep the nuclear club select. It would be a major step towards the 'disengagement' of central Europe from the cold war, and a real contribution to the lessening of tension without which even a limited disarmament agreement seems impossible. Yet, astonishingly enough, this offer has drawn no response from any Western government, other than yawning scepticism.

This, surely, is a concrete and realisable plan which can be endorsed by all those who wish to arrest the momentum of the arms race. But it is essential that such a movement should receive the support and responsible leadership which only the Labour Party can provide. The party has recently shown an inexplicable lethargy in foreign affairs. Its leaders are abroad or silent. It has even failed to force a debate before the Premier goes to Paris and commits the nation yet further to an unrestricted arms race. Here, then, is a decisive opportunity to reassert its moral leadership by insisting that the Polish offer be taken seriously. We say decisive because, though it may be difficult to distribute nuclear weapons, it will certainly be impossible to get them back again.

Comments on the Week's News

Hot Heads in Cyprus

It is not yet clear whether this week's riots in Cyprus mark the opening of a new phase of violence, though they have certainly led to a further deterioration in Greek and Turkish Cypriot relations. The riots, planned both to coincide with the opening of the UN debate and to convince the new governor that Eoka can still call out its troops, were not unexpected. Nor have they been accompanied by deliberate terrorist acts; indeed, there is some evidence that they were organised as peaceful demonstrations, and that violence arose only after apparently provocative behaviour on the part of Turkish-Cypriot police. In recent weeks, both the Greek government and Archbishop Makarios have urged restraint on the Eoka leaders, and the Greek presentation of their case in the UN was, in the circumstances, a very moderate one; there are, therefore, some grounds for hoping that the truce will continue. By contrast, the attitude of the government remains entirely negative. According to Commander Noble in the UN, the sole form of action envisaged is to 'continue the private talks between the governments', and in his statement last week Mr Lennox-Boyd held out no prospect of an early return of Makarios. The only hope seems to lie with Sir Hugh Foot. Though the riots have made his task more difficult, he has, by all accounts, made an excellent first impression. It appears that his terms of reference are sufficiently wide to allow him to formulate proposals for a solution, and after a fact-finding tour he plans an early return to London to present his conclusions to the government. There seems little doubt that he will recommend the solution long advocated by many Labour MPs, and recently adopted by the party as a whole: self-determination at a fixed and agreed date.

More Cash for the Middle East?

It is not often that foreign ministers come up with a good idea. The suggestion that Signor Pella has put to the State Department, however, merits serious consideration. Next year, the Marshall Aid countries are due to begin repayments of the loan; Signor Pella suggests that 20 per cent. of the annual repayments should be switched to a special fund for development in the Middle East, and that those European countries which did not receive Marshall Aid should also contribute on a commensurate scale. This is an excellent idea, provided the administration of the fund is carried out by an independent authority, or by an appropriate UN agency, such as SUNFED; if, however, it were to be handled by the American government, it is doubtful if the plan would achieve much in terms of goodwill—American Point Four aid to the Middle East has been a singular failure in this respect. Of more immediate interest to the Middle East is the signature of the new agreement between a Japanese oil company and the Saudi-Arabian government. Although the exploitation areas involved are merely two offshore zones, the royalty terms set a new pattern: Saudi-Arabia is to get a 56 per cent. cut, and royalties are to be calculated not merely on the basis of profits derived from the sale of crude oil at the well-head, but on the entire operation of refining, transportation and marketing. For the first time the 50-50 royalty norm has been upset in an unmistakable manner (the Italo-Persian deal, under which Persia gets 75 per cent., is not a clear case, since Persia has a share of the capital); even more important, however, the terms admit the validity of a constant Arab complaint—that the well-head price, on which their royalties are based, is arbitrarily fixed by the great companies, and that a fair royalty should be based on the profits of the entire selling operation. This new agreement, coming on top of the Italo-Persian one, strengthens the chances of a general revision of royalty agreements.

Mr Foulkes Answers Back

Though the Communist leadership of the ETU continues to insist that the union elections are an 'internal affair', the ETU president Mr Foulkes, has been stung into a long answer to charges made by ETU members on last Monday's *Panorama*. In the absence of any independent review of the balloting in the disputed executive election, the word of the union leaders has to be balanced against the allegations made by members who feel that the recent election was 'rigged'. The whole truth will only be known if the rank-and-file protest is widespread enough (despite the complicated rules which govern appeals) to force a review of this election and perhaps a disclosure of the voting. Mr Foulkes and his colleagues, of course, are making what capital they can out of the supposed 'witch-hunt' against them: several correspondents, in fact, have written asking why this journal has taken the 'wrongdoing' of the Communist leaders of the ETU for granted. There are several reasons for our criticism. The first is that there exists within this union a disciplined Communist fraction which, because it holds the key offices in the union, has manipulated the machinery of the union for its own purposes; this machine, moreover, is able to ensure that, on such occasions as the recent rules revision conference, there are enough Communist and fellow-travelling delegates to secure endorsement of policies previously drafted in consultation with the party officials in King Street. Secondly, in any dispute between Communists and non-Communists, the Communist leadership is judge in its own cause. The ETU rules do not provide for a special appeals committee such as exists, for example, in the AEU. Thirdly, in the specific case of the Cannon-Frazer election, the Communist machine was mobilised to detect 'irregularities' at the branch level of a kind which have, to say the least, been tolerated when the leadership was less worried about the result. We do not believe that there should be a government inquiry. We have pointed out, however, that the conduct of Mr Foulkes and Mr Haxell has led to demands for such an inquiry. If the membership does not use its increasingly limited rights to put the union's house in order, the situation within the ETU will damage the trade union movement as a whole.

January Bus Strike?

The London busmen have decided to press their claim for an increase of 25s. a week. At their delegate meeting on Monday night they rejected by four to one a proposal from the Transport Workers' executive that the claim should go to arbitration, and decided that if the London Transport Executive again refused to make an offer the busmen would ask for 'plenary powers'. In short, the men are willing to strike. This has put Mr Cousins in a most difficult position. First, he advised the London busmen not to press their claim at this time. When they insisted on it, the claim was filed and turned down by the LTE. He has asked them to accept arbitration. Once again the men have refused to take his advice. If, as seems probable, he can secure no concession from the LTE, he and his executive could refuse the men permission to strike. But such permission has not been refused in recent years, and if it is now refused the men may very well start an unofficial strike, or at least put a ban on overtime. What happens then? Indeed, what happens if an official strike is called? The dispute could be a long one, unpopular with the public and, possibly, extremely useful to the government in its efforts to block other union claims. So far, Mr Cousins has not been publicly and directly involved, for the tricky negotiations between the busmen and the T & GW executive have been handled as a matter of course by the assistant secretary, Mr Nicholas. If Mr Cousins can find a way out of the dilemma he will have done a public service.

Record Clubs

In our last issue Mr Francis Williams commented upon the difficulties experienced by a gramophone record club which had sought to place its advertisements in journals with a specialised circulation among music-lovers. We have since received a number of communications from interested parties—and some of them seem to offer fresh evidence to support his criticisms. But these communications are of great length and complexity, and they raise issues of both fact and principle which cannot be fairly presented in a short summary. We hope, therefore, to return to this matter. For the moment we point out that it is wrong to make a simple comparison between book clubs and record clubs. Book clubs are sponsored, or supported, by leading publishers, but the crux of the argument about record clubs is that none of the big gramophone companies sponsors them or will sell them its recordings. There is, moreover, a difference in the product which can be important to the purchaser. While a cheap edition of a book may be identical with the original, and while it may still be readable even if it is badly produced, a recording may offer inferior performances or be so poorly produced that it is intolerable. The consumer has no means of testing the value offered by a club—or even of knowing whether it is financially sound—until he has paid some money. It is this that has raised doubts in the minds of some of our correspondents. Not long ago one record club went into liquidation, and journals which had published its advertisements felt obliged to compensate readers who had joined and received nothing for their money. We have not ourselves seen evidence that the big gramophone companies are themselves responsible for the refusal of record club advertisements. The case seems to be that some publications which rely upon their advertising have been afraid of offending them—which is quite a different thing. This journal has published advertisements from the leading gramophone companies for many years, and we have not received, nor do we expect to receive, cancellations because we have carried record club advertisements.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Johannesburg

First and Last?

Our Correspondent in Johannesburg writes: The multi-racial conference which was held in Johannesburg last week was significant for two reasons – the fact that, in Strydom's South Africa, it was held at all, and the evidence which it provided that the leadership of the African National Congress persists in its refusal to become anti-white. Some 400 participants and observers attended what was undoubtedly the most broadly based multi-racial gathering ever held in the Union. Convened by the Inter-denominational African Ministers' Federation as a follow-up to its gathering in Bloemfontein last year, the conference consisted of clergymen from all except the Dutch Reformed Church establishments, members of non-racialist political groups – both Nationalist and United Party leaders refusing to attend – the representatives of all races except the Coloureds, whose apathy and disorganisation led to their absence.

As participants came in their private capacities, it was clear from the outset that the conference would have no direct political consequences. But as it is impossible to separate leading public figures speaking at such a gathering from their parties, churches and organisations, the conference defined the areas of agreement between the country's non-racialist groups. These areas included the aims of a universal adult suffrage on a common roll, a more equitable distribution of land leading to the disappearance of the Native Reserve system, a living wage according to civilised standards for all workers, the right to form trade unions and to strike, the expansion of the national economy by the state by all means in its power, and an endorsement of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. The conference recommended that religious communities foster practical applications of inter-racial collaboration in worship, discussion, social exchanges and in charitable and cultural undertakings. In brief, all racially discriminatory systems, institutions, laws and practices were condemned, and a very large measure of radical thinking endorsed. Only the adult suffrage finding was reported in the local press.

When one considers that all this was agreed to by Catholic and Anglican bishops, by conservative economists and psychologists and by Liberal Party as well as Congress movement leaders, it becomes clear that the frequent clashes in commission were won by the 'whole-hoggers'. Even the Liberal Party, which was the *éminence grise* behind the conference, found itself pushed much further than it had intended.

This is understandable, for the ANC leadership – already facing an internal challenge from an 'Africa for Africans' group – had no reason to make concessions to a conference which had no power to concede any gains. Close caucus activity ensured, however, that Congress rank-and-file pressure for conference commitment to action on immediate issues such as a £1-a-day wage and anti-pass campaigns was smothered. Plenary discussions were thus conspicuously lacking in bitterness. The tiny, all-white, Congress of Democrats in particular was most anxious to utilise conference unity in an attempt to break out of its complete isolation from other progressive whites.

This toning-down policy of the Congress groups stemmed from the imminence of next year's general elections. Chief Luthuli of the ANC – banned, like many other Princes, from participating in this multi-racial performance of Hamlet – has made it clear that his main aim at present is to get the Nationalists out of power. Under a United Party government the Congress movement could grow, and there is talk of militant action to influence the elections.

It seems certain, however, that the Nationalists will be returned to power in spite of a growing uneasiness among their intellectuals and dissatisfaction about the cost of living among their rank and file. Redistribution of seats and the weakness of the United Party leadership almost guarantee this outcome. Afterwards, it seems, not only multi-racial gatherings, but the Congresses themselves will be banned. Last week's multi-racial conference was grasping for contact across the colour lines before being overtaken by this nemesis.

Moscow

Litvinov's Resurrection

Our Moscow Correspondent writes: Is it anything more than a coincidence that Ivan Maisky's tribute to Maxim Litvinov's great services to his country in the diplomatic sphere appeared in print only after Molotov's fall from power? Perhaps not; yet the fact remains that the article by Maisky, approved for publication within three weeks of the June plenum which sealed Molotov's fate and recently published in *Questions of History*, contains the first extended references to Litvinov's work since his death in 1951.

In a footnote Maisky writes that, though he constantly urged Litvinov to write his memoirs, his efforts were in vain. The most Litvinov agreed to do was to relate to Maisky some of the more interesting episodes of his diplomatic career. Maisky made notes, wrote them up and submitted them to Litvinov for correction. And this provided him with most of the material in the article in *Questions of History* dealing with Litvinov's role in the preliminaries to the Anglo-Soviet trade agreement of 1921.

In connection with Litvinov's reminiscences, Maisky describes the book *Notes for a Diary*, which was published in London in 1955 and attributed to Litvinov, as a forgery, an opinion which is shared by Ivy Litvinov, the Soviet diplomat's British-born widow who is now engaged in literary work.

Mr Maisky, who is a member of the USSR Academy of Sciences, describes, with the aid of Litvinov's notes, the negotiations for a mutual exchange of British and Russian prisoners of war that were held in Copenhagen in the winter of 1919-1920. Litvinov, as a member of the collegium of the People's Commissariat of Foreign Affairs, had just completed his mission in Stockholm in connection with the peace proposals addressed to the Entente powers then engaged in intervening in Russia. For the next nine months, from his office in Copenhagen, he was the only official representative of Soviet Russia abroad. In that capacity, as Maisky points out, he was engaged in negotiations with many governments, both directly and indirectly, as well as with businessmen, representatives of co-operative societies, scientists and cultural workers from many lands. And it was in Copenhagen that he prepared the way for the Soviet trade delegation that went to London, headed by Krassin in May, 1920. That Litvinov himself did not accompany the delegation was due to the opposition of the more recalcitrant of Lloyd George's colleagues.

It is, therefore, to Krassin and not Litvinov that we owe the story of Lord Curzon's vain attempt to avoid shaking hands with Krassin at the opening of the conference between the representatives of the Soviet delegation and of the British government at 10 Downing Street. Maisky, who heard the story from Krassin himself, describes how Lloyd George, observing that Curzon had deliberately placed his hands behind his back when Krassin approached him, called out testily: 'Curzon, act like a gentleman!' It is a situation Litvinov would have enjoyed.

Westminster

The Babbling Brooke

Mr Henry Brooke, the Minister of Housing and Local Government, is one of the most useful agents employed by the present government. He looks solidly respectable – like Hampstead brick. He sounds dull and he is dull. He has a skin which is proof alike against bantering pricks and exasperated bludgeoning. He is just the man to pilot the government's more disreputable measures. Few members, when offered the choice of listening to that even drone or going out for a cup of tea, will fail to choose the latter; and of those who do stay, more than half will be lulled or mesmerised into thinking that nothing of importance is being said. The slightly protruding eyes peer bleakly at whatever brief has been put in front of them, the permanently flushed face, illumined very occasionally by a wintry smile, broods above the Box and the parched voice goes on and on. 'Critics have stated,' Brooke will say, 'that under this Bill the government is empowering sons to poison their mothers. I wish to state here and now that the government has no such intention. All that this Bill does is to empower certain sons, who are referred to in the first schedule, in special sets of circumstances, clearly laid down in the appendix, to cut their mothers' throats. I think that on reflection' – here the wintry smile flickers on and off to show that the misconceptions of the critics are due to ignorance and not to malice – 'on reflection the House will agree that this is a very different thing'. The House, such as remains of it, is naturally occupied with its own thoughts and lets the thing pass. Brooke was a natural selection as pilot of the Rent Bill. Equally naturally he is now piloting the Local Government Bill.

For years it has been generally agreed that local government needs reorganising. Some areas are now so thinly populated that they do not need and cannot properly maintain all the varieties of councils which are imposed on them by out of date statutes. One result is that staffs have to serve several councils, one man in one capacity writing letters to himself in another capacity and not being paid adequately even for that. Another result is that few candidates can be induced to stand, and few electors to vote. As was pointed out in the debate, at the last elections 77 per cent. of the council seats in Somerset and 93 per cent. of the seats in Cornwall were not contested, and of the 242,000 Cornish electors, only 2.8 per cent. were able and willing to vote.

Reformers have long urged the reorganisation of local government boundaries, the elimination of overlapping and, more recently, the payment of council members so that more people may be able to undertake public work more effectively. But because local government is an even deeper entanglement of vested interests than the City, no

government has seemed willing to tackle the problem squarely and Brooke's bill is typical.

But the real opposition to this new Bill is to its proposals for instituting the block grant to local authorities. Brooke declares that this step is being taken so that local authorities may have more flexibility. Instead of being forced to spend stated proportions of their revenue for stated purposes such as education, they will be able to pick and choose what they shall spend it on. Labour, growing suspicious, did some homework. Dennis Howell took immense pains to discover how much flexibility the proposals would allow to Birmingham and found that in a wide range of subjects where minimum standards were prescribed by law, there would be no flexibility at all. About the only place where flexibility would be possible would be in education and that was the very place where Labour most objected to the type of flexibility apparently envisaged by Brooke.

If the amount to be spent on other services was inevitably kept rigid, there would be nothing left over from the block grant to improve the education service or in some cases even to bring it up to the required minimum. The only way then of getting extra money for education would be to raise the rates and, as everyone knows, that is something which local councillors are notoriously scared of. Brooke, while talking blandly about flexibility, was in fact driving local authorities into rigid educational economies. Of course, said Messrs Lindgren, Mitchison, Stewart and others, Brooke knew this to be true. Had he not deliberately excluded civil defence from the Bill because he knew that in the desperate search for economies local councils would light on that if it was unprotected? Was not education as vulnerable as civil defence and much more valuable?

But of course the Bill passed its second reading and will pass unscathed through its committee stages. Shots will be fired at Brooke from all quarters, but that occasional wintry smile and that voice will still go on and on; and at the end Brooke will have done yet another good job for Mr Peter Thorneycroft, if he is still there, and another very bad job for the ordinary people of the country.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

The Mysteries of Money

READERS of the popular press, poring over the detailed reports of the Bank Rate Tribunal, may well be baffled by the complexities of high finance. For most people, the City remains an exclusive mystery, divorced from everyday life, whose daily rituals can be described only in obscure jargon. Yet, somehow, its acolytes contrive to make and lose a good deal of money in their transactions. How is it done? More important, what kind of men do it, and in what way do they reach their decisions? It is not only the public that is being given answers to such questions: some information is coming out that was not previously known even to those who work in the City. (One small example is the discovery of how much gilt-edged stock changes hands each day.) Whatever conclusions the Tribunal may reach about the alleged 'leak', there is no doubt that its proceedings have been in the public interest.

Once the hearings are completed, the Tribunal must decide whether anyone has behaved irresponsibly, improperly or even illegally. It is proper for us to comment only on the general picture that the hearings draw of the relations between the City and the Bank of England. These, it seems, are far different from those envisaged when the Labour government nationalised the Bank, and it is evident that they can create a serious dilemma for anyone who serves both a private financial house and the nationalised Bank.

Several men have already testified to this effect. As a member of the Court of the Bank, Mr William Keswick has been concerned to keep the pound strong. As an adviser to Jardine, Matheson, he had an 'obligation to give honest advice' which would protect the interests of that firm's stockholders. Since sterling was under pressure, and Jardine, Matheson held substantial amounts of British stock, Mr Keswick proposed to the Hong Kong firm that 'you should continue your policy to switch more into North American bonds'. Any financial adviser could have made a similar suggestion: indeed, a general movement of money into dollar stocks has been going on for some time, at home and abroad. Mr Keswick stated that 'it is anti-British and derogatory to sterling, but it makes sense to me'. It would, he suggested, have been a dereliction of his private duty to Jardine, Matheson for him to have urged the firm to hold on to stock whose value was in any case likely to fall. At this point the Attorney-General asked Mr Keswick which duty (to the Bank or to Jardine, Matheson) he regarded as the more important. He replied: 'I regarded them as equally important'. There could be no more honest statement of the dilemma in which a man of substance and repute can be placed by virtue of his private and public associations. And the question recurred when a member of the Tribunal asked Lord Bicester whether, in four years' experience, knowledge acquired at the Bank was an embarrassment to his other interests. His laconic answer was: 'Slightly, sometimes'. Again, Mr Marris, of Lazards, said that he did not feel free in moments of difficulty to go and consult his firm's chairman, who was also a director of the Bank.

These answers alone suggest that far too much was taken for granted when the Labour government nationalised the Bank. It is doubtful whether the Labour Party expected that the Bank Rate would be an important instrument of economic policy, or that this might 'embarrass' the members of the Court—and its members still are representative of City interests though they are now nominally appointed by the government—who had outside financial or commercial interests. It was probably assumed that the day-to-day business of the Bank would be carried on by the Governor, Deputy Governor and the four full-time directors, and that when the government 'gave instructions' to the Bank—as Sir Stafford Cripps envisaged—these officials would use their part-time colleagues as a means of passing government policy on to the City.

In practice, the role of the Bank has been

otherwise. The 1946 Act gave the Bank tremendous powers, which it has never used. On the contrary, it has retained its own traditions and corporate life, it defends its own privileges and it makes its own requirements. It is more a means of impressing the views of the City upon the government than the reverse—and all its officers, of course, have spent their working lives in the peculiar economic climate of the City. This is reflected in its views on economic planning and monetary policy. And where the Bank acts for itself—in monetary and exchange policy, for example—it usually expresses the City rather than the Treasury view; its leaning towards convertibility in recent years, and its long tolerance of the Kuweit 'gap', are very important cases in point.

There are other grounds on which Bank policy is open to criticism. Obsessed by the City's concepts of 'smoothness', it is often blind to larger economic and social problems: the drive to restore 'confidence' in the pound, to take one instance, has been, in part, inspired by its worry about dealing with the substantial debt obligations which are due to mature in the next few years. It is, moreover, most reluctant to release vital economic data. All other important central banks publish monthly bulletins and comment on financial and economic trends: the Bank's statistics are deliberately uninformative and often meaningless. More has been learnt of its operations from the Tribunal hearings than has ever been provided by the Bank itself.

Despite 'nationalisation', therefore, much of the country's economic affairs are dependent upon a Bank which is still unreformed, secretive and, in some respects, inefficient. Its inefficiency raises many difficult questions, which will no doubt be considered by the Radcliffe Committee. But the more serious questions are raised by its peculiar and archaic connections with the City, and it is to these complex relations between the City, the Bank and the Treasury that the proceedings of the Tribunal have already drawn public attention. After the Tribunal has completed its work, there may be suggestions for reform. It is already becoming clear what some of these should be. The directors of the Bank, though they must necessarily have specialised experience, should be chosen for their technical knowledge rather than because they are the men of power in the financial world. While serving, they should be required to devote themselves solely to the interests of the Bank. And the Bank, like any other public concern, should be required to publish all the information about its operations (including its accounts) that can reasonably be disclosed. Whatever else may come out of Church House, we should be grateful for this education in the mysteries of money.

The BBC and Cyprus

In the government's view, the impartiality and objectivity of the BBC is a national asset of great value, and the independence which the Corporation now enjoys should be maintained.' In these soothing words Dr Charles Hill cloaked his policy for overseas broadcasting in his White Paper last July. The sentiments are impeccable, but how far is the statement true? We all remember the fury which the BBC's impartial reporting of the Suez crisis aroused in the government ranks. The BBC itself has described, in its annual report, how it was under pressure to ignore 'in external broadcasts at least', the wide division of opinion in the country on the Suez issue, but how it held tenaciously to the view that to do this 'would have been to destroy its own reputation without vindicating that of the government'. Faced with the unyielding integrity of the BBC Arabic services, the Foreign Office for a time lost its head. It tried to run its own propaganda service to the Middle East by requisitioning the private broadcasting station, Sharq-al-Adna, in Cyprus, and it stationed a foreign office official in Bush House as a permanent 'liaison officer' with the overseas services, Both these panic measures have since been abandoned, largely as a result of the derision they aroused in parliament and elsewhere, but it would be wrong to imagine that the Foreign Office has thrown in its hand. The government now has another 'war' on its hands over which the country is divided—this time in Cyprus—and it is merely trying to get the same results with less obvious techniques.

Determined that the humiliations of Suez shall not be repeated, the Foreign Office has 'moved in' on the Greek service of the BBC. Its purpose is to tone down the presentation of differences of opinion in this country over its Cyprus policy and so prove to the world the pointlessness of resisting it. The first victim of this tighter control has been Mr Francis Noel-Baker, MP. An expert on Greece and Cyprus, he broadcast regularly in the Greek service for over ten years and, because of his personal efforts at conciliation, his broadcasts were always widely quoted in the Greek press. In the spring of last year Eden himself paid a tribute in the Commons to Noel-Baker's conciliation work in Cyprus, but none the less hints were already being made to the BBC that his broadcasts were too 'partial'. At the end of last year he was suddenly dropped. Later he learned that the trouble had started with a talk he gave as long ago as December, 1954, when he reported that the Liberal and Labour parties had passed resolutions critical of the Cyprus policy and suggested that Cyprus might have 'an important place in the next Labour election programme'.

The dismissal of Noel-Baker was a portent of things to come. Copies of all scripts in the Greek service programmes now go to the Greek desk at the Foreign Office and copies of all talks to our embassy in Athens. Staff considered to be politically 'unreliable' are gradually being weeded out. In January the BBC put an investigator into the department to study how the daily and weekly press summaries are prepared and, as a result, the preparation of the summaries has been taken out of the hands of Greek nationals and made the responsibility of the head of the section or his deputy (both British). The result has been a steady muting of press criticism of government policy and an over-weighting of favourable reports.

Two examples of this process stand out among a mass I have studied. On 22 March the weekly press in this country commented extensively on Lennox-Boyd's announcement of new proposals, following EOKA's truce offer. The *Spectator* commented at the greatest length in an excoriating attack on the government headed 'Fuss and Fumbling' in which Lennox-Boyd's proposals were dismissed as 'obviously quite inadequate'. The NEW STATESMAN ran a scathing note about 'Harding's Unwelcome Visit'. But pride of place in the Greek service's weekly press review was given to a placid little pro-government note in the *Economist* rendered almost word for word, and to a complimentary comment in *Time and Tide*. The *Spectator* and the NEW STATESMAN were dismissed with 50 words each from which their paper's views would have been barely recognisable. An article in *Tribune* by Ian Mikardo, MP, headed: 'Cyprus—Must They Die in Vain?' was not quoted at all.

Six months later the emasculation was even worse. On 20 September the weekly press summary led off with a signed article by Sir Harry Luke in *Time and Tide*, the theme of which was that 'the Turks are Cypriots, too'. This rated 220 words. An article on internal Greek politics in the *Economist* rated 240 words. Sandwiched in between was the report of a full-length article in the *Spectator* summarised with a finesse Goebbels might have admired. By reducing the extract to 90 words the summariser managed to ignore entirely the first half of the article, which tore into the follies of government policy, and produce an extract innocent of a harsh word. Once again a leader in *Tribune* on the same day was ignored.

By angling press comments in this way the service has managed to prevent them clashing too obviously with the 'interpretation' of events in its commissioned talks. Examples of this habit are numerous. On 15 September for instance, the daily press review ignored a leader in the *Sunday Express* which complained that the 'arch-enemy of Britain', Makarios, was being 'welcomed and feted by leading Americans'. This was no doubt because a few days earlier Mr Stanley Mayes had assured his listeners that Makarios 'has already been rebuffed by the Americans'. On 25 October it was the turn of the *Express* to be quoted, while the *Spectator* was ignored. The latter had argued that the appointment of Sir Hugh Foot 'must surely mean that the government has at last made up its mind to seek a real solution in Cyprus'. Unfortunately for the *Spectator* Mr Mayes, a few days earlier, had described the change of governor as 'essentially administrative and not political. It does not imply any change of British policy on Cyprus.' The NEW STATESMAN was also passed over that day, perhaps because it commented that Labour's declaration on Cyprus at Brighton had helped to postpone violence.

Indeed, in its efforts to prove that Labour's policy does not differ from the government's, the Greek service has worked overtime in 'interpreting' what Labour 'really' means. It is here that the lapses from integrity have been most serious. It is, of course, true, as the BBC has pointed out, that there is a difference between news and comment: news is sacred while comment may legitimately be official, in overseas broadcasts at any rate. But to put the government's case is one thing; to distort the opposition's case is another. As soon as Labour had electrified the Greeks with its Brighton statement, the Greek service went into action to discredit it. Mr C. M. Woodhouse, in the role of an outside commentator, was brought in to 'interpret' the declaration away. Its significance, he assured listeners, had been exaggerated and he went on to give reasons for 'my scepticism about the reality of this pledge'. Party conferences, he explained, were occasions for jollying along the faithful, 'not for working out future policy in detail'. Moreover, he added, 'the so-called Executive of the party is different from the

NEXT WEEK

Owing to Christmas printing arrangements next week's issue will be published on Thursday, one day earlier than usual.

leadership in Parliament' and 'there is no reason why members of the Executive should be members of the next Labour government at all'. (So much for Barbara Castle!) It was with great joy, therefore, that another commentator a few weeks later seized on a clumsy statement by Mr James Griffiths in a press conference on TV. This, Greek listeners were told, was the real 'authoritative' statement of Labour policy on Cyprus about which there was 'nothing ambiguous' and it showed how little difference there was between Labour and the government. The fact that in the following week the National Executive put the matter beyond all doubt in a carefully worded resolution did not put the 'interpreters' off their stroke. All they did was to ignore those parts of the resolution which did not suit their book. By leaving out this key sentence in the resolution: 'Proposals for a constitution have hitherto been unacceptable because they have not included firm guarantees of self-determination after an agreed period and we now call on Her Majesty's Government to give such guarantees', the commentator was able to make the astonishing remark that 'there is also significantly no mention now by the Labour Party of fixing the date for self-determination in advance'. To make assurance doubly sure this key sentence in the resolution was also left out of the news bulletin.

So much for the 'impartiality and objectivity' of the overseas services which the government wants to see 'maintained'. It is not to be wondered at that opinion in Greece is confused and cynical. Once again, by its clumsy efforts to make the BBC its creature, the government is making it unfit to do its job abroad – that of enhancing British prestige. The surprising thing is not that the government should have tried it on, but that the BBC, after its magnificent record over Suez, should have succumbed so easily.

BARBARA CASTLE

London Diary

ARE we really sheep in a pen waiting for a mad butcher? That is how I and a great many other people are beginning to feel. Are our rulers not mad, and need we be so unorganised and helpless? H-bombs patrolling over our heads; no discussions with the potential enemy because we are said to be 'weak'; nuclear weapons to be distributed to anyone who Mr Dulles rashly assumes will fight the Russians – including, God save us, the West Germans? I think the sheep will organise. They need to do so on several levels simultaneously. First, there must be a simple protest against the H-bomb on our soil and against its development elsewhere. In short, a disarmament drive which will be supported by figures as outstanding as Bertrand Russell, J. B. Priestley, and Sir Stephen King-Hall. There is already the National Council for the Abolition of Nuclear Weapons Tests – which is enlarging its programme to include disarmament in general. The second level is an agitation for what is now called 'disengagement', that is, for a policy for neutralising Germany and as much as possible of Europe. This was put forward long ago in one form by Sir Anthony Eden, and has long been official Labour policy. This journal has urged it for the last five years. It has been stated in clear and sensible form by Mr Gaitskell. No doubt it will again be stated by party spokesmen in the House of Commons next week. But it should be urged in public meetings in every constituency. Lastly there must be a less publicised expert and technical drive. Already scientists and military pundits throw up their hands in despair if you point out the absurdity of Kissinger's thesis of graduated deterrents which is apparently popular in Pentagon circles. But the military man has to be convinced by military arguments. His job is defence and he must be assured that any national protest is a protest not against a practical means of defence, but against national suicide.

* * *

How seriously is one to take stories of the revival of incorrigible Nazis? A detailed account of the butchery of American prisoners at Malmedy and of similar SS atrocities recently appeared in one of the glossy magazines, whereupon Wilhelm Berthold, the author of this report, was described at a meeting of 10,000 former SS men as 'a besmircher of the glorious SS tradition'. A former SS general asked for a minute's silence so that Berthold's name might be impressed on the memory of everyone present; every member, he said, 'would know what to do about him if they came across Berthold anywhere at any time'. Sounds like a direct incitement to murder. I find it difficult to know how important all this is. It is surely significant that a popular magazine should consider it a duty to recall these SS crimes. Some reassure me on the ground that in a free country no one can stop ex-SS having their bibulous and raucous reunions once in a while. Their bark, they say, in these days is worse than their bite. Maybe; but what will happen if Mr Dulles succeeds in giving the German army nuclear weapons?

* * *

In Germany I fell into conversation with a woman who said her husband had been compelled towards the end of the war to join the Nazi party, had been fined and ruined by 'denazification', and died, leaving her with a daughter who was now 15. She kept a candy store. In what, I asked her, do you find the young people interested? In nothing she said, except birth control and calypso. Her daughter, at a convent school, had not yet had experience of either, and would get a shock, she thought, when she emerged to take her place with her contemporaries. Anything exceptional in birth control and calypso? Not, I think, in the West. In eastern Europe you must add hope of national liberation and in Russia an excitement about sputniks.

* * *

I have twice been rung up in the last few days by people in touch with Ghana to ask if it is true that Nkrumah quarrelled with me when I was in Ghana. Since the story is going the rounds, I'd better put it right. The Premier gave me an interview (published here on 5 October) and we were on the best of terms. A few days later I made a criticism which he quickly resented. He blew off steam at me and then, a few minutes afterwards, warmly assured me it was all forgiven and forgotten. We parted, I hope, without hard feelings on either side. The point of my criticism I see no reason to regret, though no doubt I put it tactlessly. I said that to a western member of the audience at the CPP rally, it was distressing that so much emphasis was laid on smashing the opposition while nothing was said about the Socialist policy, which I thought the CPP stood for. Surely the right method of uniting the country was on a constructive programme? One point that I think the Prime Minister can now legitimately make is that his policy of appointing Mr Edusei Minister of the Interior has paid off well. In his interview he said that he had not before regarded Krobo Edusei as a suitable minister, but as an admirable party campaigner. But in the conditions of Ghana when he returned after the London Conference he had felt it necessary to frighten off the opposition from possibly unconstitutional methods. He can now claim Krobo's threats have succeeded. The opposition seems to be at least temporarily paralysed and Nkrumah's own party is satisfied by his display of strength. But to this I must add that the much trumpeted bill, which Edusei said would give him the right to deport his opponents at will, has been withdrawn and that the new emergency law is a routine affair such as most governments have at their disposal for use in a crisis. Lord Listowel, as Governor General, can sign it without a misgiving.

* * *

Sir Roy Welensky is petulantly asking why his Central African Federation is held back when other African states are encouraged towards independence. He has himself provided one answer this week. Mr Douglas Ian Civil, who has been teaching for the past year in a Non-European school in Salisbury, has been deported by the Federal government. No reason was given for this arbitrary action but Mr Civil was shown part of an immigration act which referred to 'habits of living undesirable and unsuitable to the requirements of the Federation'. Apparently Mr Civil's crime was planning to marry his young African housekeeper, Miss Lucy Bova. In other words, a white man who marries a black girl becomes undesirable in the Federation. So much for 'racial partnership'.

* * *

Half the pedestrians killed on the roads in October were over 70 years old – 114 out of a record new total of 203. 'And police reports show' (says the Ministry of Transport) that 74 of these old people were 'crossing the road apparently heedless of traffic'. The 'apparently' means that that is what someone (usually the motorist) told a policeman – when he turned up. I think Professor A. L. Goodhart got nearer to the truth in his letter to *The Times* on Tuesday – old men are actually less 'heedless' than young ones, but they take too long to cross the road, and they can't judge the speed of a car so well. Even if it is a comparatively few slap-happy motorists who keep the casualty figures on the roads at about 270,000 a year, what keeps them slap-happy is the present state of the law on contributory negligence. When the Road Traffic Act of 1930 introduced compulsory third party insurance, it made no change in the law that at present requires the injured man, and allows the motorist, to prove negligence. In the winter issue of *The Plain View* Mr R. S. W. Pollard writes about the movement of modern road accident law towards imposing 'absolute liability' on drivers causing injury or damage. He quotes the Civil Aviation Act of 1949 as one case where the onus of proof has gone over to the man at the wheel, and he retells the story of the Bill promoted by the Pedestrians Association in 1932 to do the same about accidents on the road. (This resulted in a Select Committee, a good report – and limbo.) Mr Pollard shows how the laws of other countries have coped with the motorist by imposing 'absolute liability' on all drivers. I have been a blameless owner-driver (or should I say undetected?) for 30 years, and I think it's time we set about drafting a similar law.

* * *

Shakespeare, as always, has an apt comment. In *Othello* (Act I, Scene III) you may read:

> Should the Turk of Cyprus us beguile;
> We lose it not so long as we can smile.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Father Christmas's arrival at Woodbridge, Suffolk, on December 23 will be heralded by an American fighter-bomber swooping over the town.—*Evening Standard.* (L. H. Brooks.)

'Mater' suggests itself as an honourable title for women taking their place in the House of Lords. It has none of the unfortunate associations of dame, or madame.—Letter in *News Chronicle.* (F. G. Montague.)

The New Year's Eve party at Miss Helene Cordet's chic new night-spot in London's West End promises to be a most exclusive affair. Not because of the guests—though they will be a select crowd, too. *But the waiters are coming from Buckingham Palace.*—*Daily Mail.* (L. A. Morrison.)

Customers are asking for cards to send from their dogs. One old lady sighed, 'My dog always sends a present to his master and I can never find a greetings card to go with it.'—*Express and Star,* Wolverhampton. (Miss E. M. Rew.)

Quoth the Canon

'Those who have had long experience among criminals are still convinced that the "cat" and the "rope" are speaking a language which the violent criminal understands.' (Canon Livermore, Rector of Morden).

Once, upon a midnight dreary,
I was pondering a query
On the modern Morden theory
Of the Christian Holy War:
'Since the logic of logistics
Is deterrence (say the mystics)
We can curb the crime statistics
By the use of Rope galore
And the Cat', quoth Livermore.

Did his congregation (neighing
Hymns on hanging) fall to praying,
Flagellating and inveighing
On the punishment in store?
Did they curse the dereliction
In official crucifixion?
Did you end with malediction
On the mercy you deplore,
Reverend Canon Livermore?

Shall I find in your haranguing
And the Bible you were banging
Any reference to hanging
Politicians by the score?
Don't the rulers of a nation
When they plan annihilation
Merit swift asphyxiation
Or the Cat you so adore?
What about it, Livermore?

In the parish church at Morden
Do the Rector and Church Warden
Act consistently, accordin'
To the things they're prayin' for?
Does the Rector, with his psalter,
Rack and pilliwinks and halter,
Keep the Cat upon the altar
And a gallows at the door?
Do you really, Livermore?

REGINALD REYNOLDS

NSGSS!

INITIALLY speaking, this is a complicated world. Do you belong to MRP, SFIO, FLN, SPD, SED, CPP, NLM, NAACP or just T & GWU? Do you live in NW or the DDR? Can you distinguish between BEA and CEA, NCB and NBC, IRBM and ICBM, ICI and ICA? Are NATO, GATT, UNESCO, the melodious CHINCOM and the happily married ENI-AGIP pronounceable as words? If so, why not ETU and ITA, NEC and NUR and NUJ? What is the relationship between OEEC, EPU and IMF, and does the CIC affect HP? How are UNICEF and IGY, and what is WHO? Above all, have you got your DEW Line straight? And where is it all leading?

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Indonesia's Challenge

(From a Correspondent)

THE anti-colonial slogan in Indonesia is probably the only one which is common to that pre-eminently sober statesman, Mohammad Natsir (Chairman of the Masjumi), President Sukarno, D. N. Aidit (the able, youthful Communist Party's Secretary) and the young demonstrators who burnt an effigy of a red-faced man—symbol of Dutch 'colonialism' in front of the Netherland's Embassy in Djakarta. Many of the Dutch on the spot used to hold the view that West Irian was not worth the struggle its retention would mean, but they were outnumbered by the diehards in Holland. As a result, conference after conference broke down between Dutch and Indonesian representatives; finally it was made an issue in the UN. Here, the Indonesians could count on the Afro-Asian nations and the Communist bloc, but this was a propaganda victory which did not regain one square inch of West Irian territory.

Direct action to take West Irian was impracticable; it is some hundreds of miles away from Java and Dutch destroyers barred the route. The alternative was direct action against the Dutch. The campaign, launched at the end of October, was to be in three stages. The first was to concide with National Youth day, when wall-splattering was a suitably youthful occupation. The second stage of propaganda, which began on 10 November coincided with Heroes' Day. By this time, a joint statement signed by the Dutch and the Australians for joint efforts in developing West Irian had the effect of stoking nationalist flames. When Foreign Minister Subandrio left for the UN on 11 November, he issued a statement describing this agreement as something resembling a military alliance that might change 'the whole attitude of all the Asian nations towards the countries in western Europe'. Meanwhile, President Sukarno in a whistle-stop tour of the Lesser Sunda Islands announced, 'We will cut the artery of the Netherlands in Indonesia. We will push their economic interests out of our country should the Netherlands not be willing to return West Irian to us'.

On 28 November a resolution, sponsored by eighteen Afro-Asian countries and by Bolivia, called for renewed negotiations between Indonesia and the Netherlands but failed to obtain a two-thirds majority in the UN General Assembly. By that time Djakarta was ready for the final stage of direct action. Many may have had their doubts, but no organisation, certainly in Java, would oppose the idea of finally clearing out the Dutch. The attempt on Sukarno's life intensified national feeling. On 1 December Dr Djuanda, Prime Minister (an able economist who was one of the advisers at the Round Table Conference in 1949) announced: 'At this moment when we are facing a struggle against Dutch colonialism, let us consolidate our patriotic feelings, let us strengthen our national preparedness and determined will'. Several moves against the Dutch were then officially taken by the Cabinet. The KLM Royal Dutch Airlines, flying five times a week between Amsterdam and Djakarta, were forbidden to land. Information Minister Sudibijo, also chairman of the National Liberation of West Irian Committee, broadcast a call for a 24-hour strike in Dutch enterprises throughout the archipelago. It was generally observed. The Cabinet 'froze' the transfer home of profits by Dutch firms. Then came action by the Communist-controlled Trade Unions to take over the banks and the management of the most important Dutch enterprise, the KPM, which controls about 70 per cent. of Indonesia's inter-island shipping. Finally, whilst BOAC and Qantas aircraft began the airlift of Dutch evacuees, Prime Minister Djuanda issued a decree putting all Dutch plantations, agricultural enterprises and estate factories under Indonesian government control.

These revolutionary steps have been taken one by one with a surprising minimum of disorder or popular outburst. They are projected as the final steps towards economic independence, the end of financial ties with their Dutch rulers; above all, the end of preferences for Dutch enterprises imposed by the Round Table Conference. The pace of events has been set in Java, and although there are undoubtedly people who fear economic chaos and, in the other islands (which produce the country's wealth) cautionary voices can be heard, the world must face the fact that in the last three weeks the structure of Indonesian economy has been revolutionised.

Apart from the Netherlands, the countries chiefly concerned are the US, the UK and China. Whilst the UK has contracted its interests in Indonesia since the war, the US has expanded its oil investments there and the Chinese (of whom there are more than two million in the country) have widened their influence in industry and in import-export business. One cannot rely on statistics in the conditions of political and economic instability since indepedence – for which West Irian was not a major cause, though it was always an irritant. No up-to-date Chinese estimates are available. Unofficial Dutch estimates based on profitability value investments at between £48m. and £70m. UK investments (mainly plantations) are estimated at £20m. and US investments (mainly oil) at £42m. Indonesia will still depend on the wealth of her resources and their development. By fighting a rearguard colonial action on West Irian, the Dutch have forfeited their monopoly. Who will take her place?

West Germany seems the country likely to profit most from Dutch discomfiture. The Chairman of the Indonesian Chamber of Commerce and Industry is already in Germany. Interviewed at the airport, he detailed export products, such as tobacco, which would now be auctioned in Hamburg instead of in Amsterdam. Questioned about the disruption of Indonesian imports from the Netherlands, the Chairman replied: 'This does not necessarily create worry. Goods we usually get from Holland may be obtained from other countries in equal quality and at competitive prices'.

No economic reprisals are likely to bring West Irian a step nearer Indonesian control. They serve only to work the Dutch out of the Indonesian system. The danger of economic and political chaos was a favourite Dutch argument against control of West Irian by Djakarta. With the army still in control and the Communists in charge of the trade unions, the balance of power is still undecided. But what is clear is that any effort to bring NATO into this dispute, as the Dutch are trying to do, can only make matters worse by increasing the appeal of Peking and Moscow. The Indonesian may suffer temporarily, but he understands the anti-colonial appeal. Further, from the propaganda angle, the forthcoming Afro-Asian Conference in Cairo will provide the platform on which anti-colonialists may be depended on to shout the slogan – already loudly shouted in Peking – of West Irian for Indonesia.

Captive Children

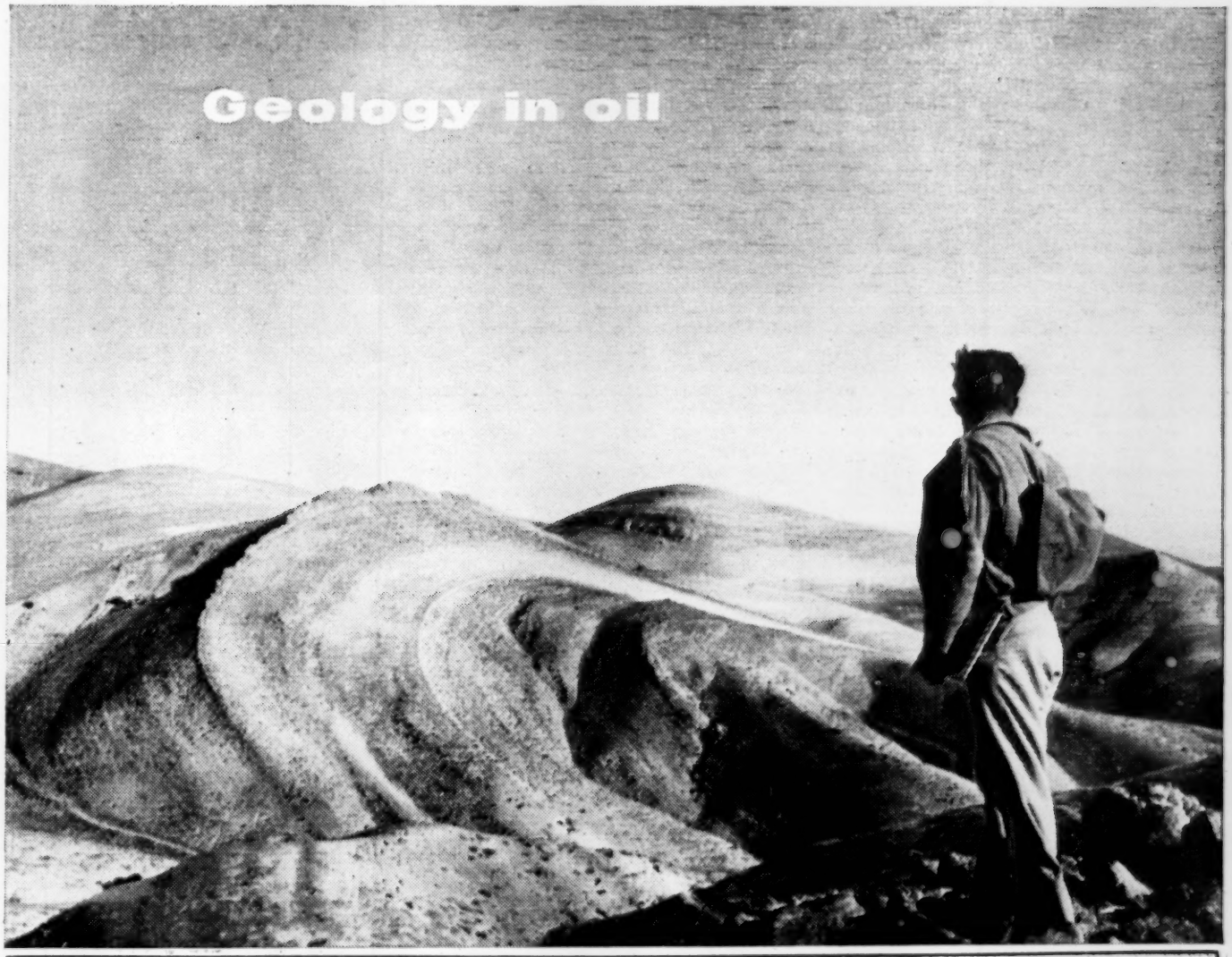
IS television bad for our children? Or is it a harmless – and noiseless – occupation? As parents we waver between worry and relief, and it depends upon the programme which sentiment is uppermost in our minds. Too often, as we watch the cruelty and violence which marks the majority of serials, we feel concern. And I am glad that the Council for Children's Welfare, which led the campaign against horror comics, has taken the trouble to circulate a questionnaire which asks both parents and children to give their reactions to television.

On 26 November a meeting was held to receive an interim report. A number of daily papers commented on the meeting, and on Sir Robert Fraser's remarks about it, and they began to give more prominence to news items about children and television. There was, for instance, the suggestion by the Cardiff medical officer that TV might have a bad effect on eyesight; the attack on TV by the headmaster of Salford grammar school; the Catholic Bishop of Shrewsbury's proposal that parents should not let their children view programmes without express permission; and the news that Roy Rogers would no longer allow his children to watch TV westerns because they had become so brutal.

It is, indeed, the westerns that are most sharply criticised in the replies to the questionnaire: they are 'too numerous', 'tedious', 'low' and 'violent' – though it is not so much 'violence' that evokes objections as its sadistic overtones. Westerns are also disliked because they are part of the 'Americanisation' of children's TV. Many of the most popular programmes are American in origin and manner – *Lone Ranger*, *Champion*, *Fury*, *Corky* and *Hawkeye*, for example – and those made in this country, such as *Robin Hood*, are often tailored for the US market. Several parents therefore argued for 'genuine British television', with more live programmes based upon our own history and adventure stories.

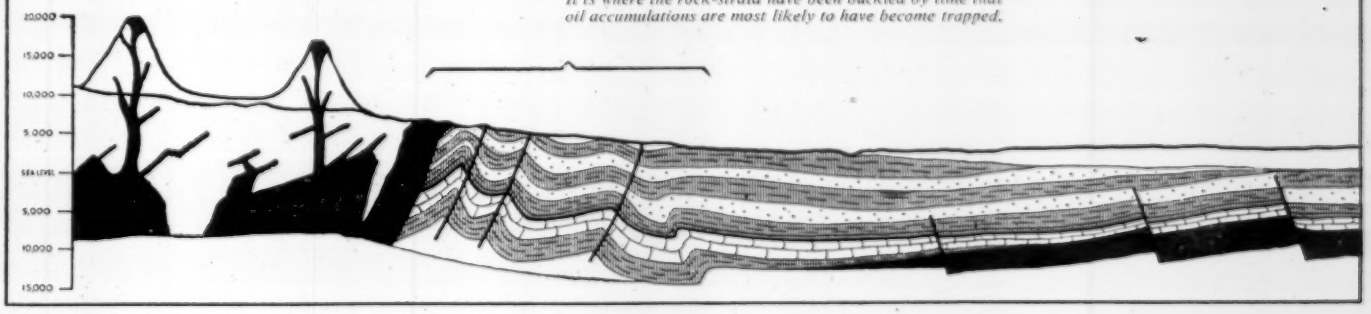
What do children themselves feel? My own ten-year-old daughter dislikes what she calls 'frightening programmes' and does not watch them. Her favourites are *Emergency Ward 10* and *Dixon of Dock Green*, which are both 'after-hours' for children, but are both the 'human' stories which children love. While children may criticise 'violence' – and in this the BBC is not blameless, though ITV is the worse offender – the children complain that many BBC programmes are 'too stodgy'. A friend of my daughter says that the children in BBC serials are 'too goody-goody, like *Mrs. Dale's Diary*'. A schoolmaster reports that his boys consider BBC children's programmes to be suitable 'only for the pansiest of egg-heads', and several parents and children complain that there are too few programmes for girls. There is also much comment on the lack of good comic situations and amusing dialogue.

Any one of us, of course, could replan the programmes, pruning here, adding there, and eliminating the more sadistic serials. But this process would no more meet the real problem than Sir Robert Fraser's remark that the question is how much violence the normal child can take. Sensible people know that children both like and need some blood-and-thunder, and that if violence exists in the world it must somewhere be reflected on the TV screen. This is not the same argument as that used by Sir Robert: 'It is not force that should worry us, only when and why it is used'. Courage is admirable, but it can play



REPRESENTATION OF GEOLOGICAL SECTION ACROSS THE ANDES OIL BASIN

It is where the rock-strata have been buckled by time that oil accumulations are most likely to have become trapped.



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too large a part. Pity, love and tenderness should also be allowed to make their impact on the young mind, for force is not the only way to overcome force. Sometimes superior intelligence and ingenuity might be permitted to win the day without any sacrifice of action and excitement. What is needed are lively and entertaining programmes that will stimulate young people, who can cope with more subtle and imaginative situations than those offered in the stale conservative plots repeated seven days a week.

Is it right to suggest that the BBC and ITV should be responsible for the *quality* of programmes while parents control the *quantity* of viewing? This seems an artificial and wrong division of labour. The decline of authority in the home means that children now have more freedom and much less discipline. Television raises problems that can be settled either by co-operation between parents and children or by strict methods that many parents are unwilling or too lazy to employ. During the long years of preparation for the 11-plus and the GCE, the conflict between homework and TV can create tension in the child and rows with its parents. One remedy that would help here is to restrict all serials to the three week-end evenings. Another useful change would be the arranging of programmes in order of age appeal, starting with the youngest and with the age-group noted beside the announcement. This would limit the difficulties that arise when there is one living room, one TV set, and children of all ages – with the youngest sitting through unsuitable programmes.

It is here that the parent's responsibility is greatest. Both parents and the law prevent children visiting the cinema to see 'X' features, but there is no law which stops them seeing similar things in their own homes – and a lot of children watch adult programmes for more hours than they watch those designed for children. Indeed, it is doubtful whether the majority of parents do any serious selection of programmes for themselves, let alone for their children. They may not know what to choose, they may be out, they may be too lazy or they may be unable to control their children's choice.

The impact of TV on young minds is strong, even though it should not be made the scapegoat for all the emotional disturbances in children or for various forms of delinquency. If the parent cannot control this impact, for the reasons I have just given, there should be at least the same measure of social control as we exercise over our health and education, or for the protection of children from neglect and cruelty. But it is not the job of the BBC or the ITA to become welfare agencies, though each of them has nominal 'advisory' bodies: they are competing for attention. The control must come from outside, and it must take the form of a code of principles to which both TV authorities must conform. This could be laid down by, for instance, a 'National Advisory Council for Children's Television', which should not be dominated by the TV special interests – though they might be represented on it. It should include doctors, social psychologists, teachers and parents, and its functions should include the preparation (and supervision) of a production code, the right to propose changes in programmes, and the publication of an annual report both on the children's programmes and on their impact. If something of this kind could be done, we should raise our children to expect higher standards – and that, in time, would mean an improvement in the programmes provided for adults.

ALMA BIRK

Decline of the Herring Fishery

THERE is increasing reason for concern about the supply of fish from our surrounding seas. Hitherto fears have largely been confined to the bottom-living or demersal fishes, the 'white fish' of the trade, which are caught with devastating efficiency by modern trawlers. The clear case made out for the occurrence of over-fishing in the North Sea led to the International Fisheries Conference of 1946 which resulted in an agreed increase in the size of the mesh of trawl nets and the setting up of a permanent commission to note the effect on stocks. Although more far-reaching measures will probably eventually be needed, yet at least the problem of over-fishing is recognised by the maritime nations of western Europe.

But it has been usual to except the surface and mid-water 'pelagic' fishes from the danger of over-fishing. These fishes were thought to occur in such vast numbers that nothing man might remove, be it an annual harvest of hundreds of millions, could have any significant effect on the stocks. Such fishes include the mackerel, the sprat, the pilchard and the anchovy, but by far and away the most important in our waters is the herring. One of the great sources of human food, this fish has influenced the history of northern Europe just as the tunny, a much larger pelagic fish allied to the mackerel, has affected that of the Mediterranean peoples. The power of the Hanseatic League depended on control of the herring fishery, then largely in the Baltic. Later this passed to the Dutch and from them came gradually to this country in the 18th century. The greatest shoals were those off East Anglia, and the greatest herring fishery in the world was for long that based on Great Yarmouth and Lowestoft.

This is an autumnal fishery and, in the words of J. G. Nall in his *Great Yarmouth and Lowestoft*, published in 1866, 'A certain degree of uncertainty always more or less attends its pursuit'. Each year the fish appeared in vast but fluctuating shoals and were caught in drift nets, the origins both of the fishery and of the mode of capture being unknown. Where the fish came from was then also a mystery, the view generally held being that of Thomas Pennant according to whom the herring spent the winter within the Arctic circle. In the spring the fish began a great journey around the British Isles, where 'sometimes they sink for the space of ten or 15 minutes, then rise again to the surface, and in bright weather reflect a variety of splendid colours, like a field of most precious gems, in which, or rather in a much more valuable light, should this stupendous gift of Providence be considered by the inhabitants of the British Isles'.

A stupendous gift it has certainly been, great shoals of fish appearing, in apparent confirmation of Pennant's views, in the early spring off the Shetlands and Orkneys, in the summer along Scottish and English coasts, with a climax reached off East Anglia in the autumn and later still in the Straits of Dover. Not until the herring began to be studied scientifically in the later part of the 19th century, and with increasing intensity more recently, was it established that this apparent movement around our coasts is due to the successive appearance of different races of herring, some spring, some summer, and others winter, spawners, which the expert could distinguish by differences largely in scales and in numbers of vertebrae.

Providence appeared to have ensured an almost continuous harvest of herring and great fleets followed the fish from port to port. The problem of numbers was solved by methods of preservation which enabled consumption to be spread over long periods and provided the basis of a major export trade. Herring were caught by night in long lines of passively drifting nets in the meshes of which they became entangled. This method is still largely employed although, especially in Scotland, it has been supplemented or displaced by active encirclement with ring nets of shoals detected by sounding wires. Herring are also trawled.

Investigation of the scales of herring by the Norwegian fisheries biologist, Einar Lea, revealed surprising facts. Confining attention to the East Anglian stocks, it showed that the adult shoals consist of fish three years old and upwards but with very varying numbers of the different 'year classes'. In some years immense increase came from the stocks of younger, immature fish; in others addition was almost negligible. For reasons yet unknown, conditions after spawning may permit survival of significant proportions of the astronomical number of fertilised eggs, or may cause devastating destruction. By following the composition of the stocks from year to year, the zoologists at the Fisheries Laboratory at Lowestoft were able between the wars to issue first tentative and then definitive forecasts of the time and yield of the coming fishery.

After the war, forecasting was resumed with success until 1951, when herring failed to appear at the time and in the numbers that had been predicted. Four-year-old fish, at which age many first join the adult shoals, came in only half the expected numbers. In the following year the forecast also failed and again deficiency was in the four-year olds. Something was affecting recruitment of the spawning shoals, and for the first time in our waters a pelagic fishery seemed endangered.

Subsequent events have strengthened these fears. A major change, not a mere fluctuation which time might speedily rectify, seems to have occurred. There is great concern at the prospect of permanent decline in this great fishery and the matter has been raised in parliament. Earlier this year, the problem was presented with great authority and clarity in *The Herring and Its Fishery* (Routledge & Kegan Paul. 25s.) by Dr W. C. Hodgson, until recently in charge of herring research at Lowestoft.

Scarcity of herring is not disputed; in the present state of knowledge, the causes inevitably are. The herring caught off East Anglia are migrating south to spawn in the eastern end of the Channel. The spent fish swim northward while the developing eggs and larval herring are carried in the same direction. These young herring, Dr Hodgson considers, spend the years preceding maturity in the waters flanking the Dogger Bank.

Don't forget; there's a THIS ENGLAND this Christmas. The new collection containing the 425 funniest items 1953–57, with pictures by Nicolas Bentley, costs only 2s. 6d. If your bookseller and newsagent have sold out, write to the Publisher, 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

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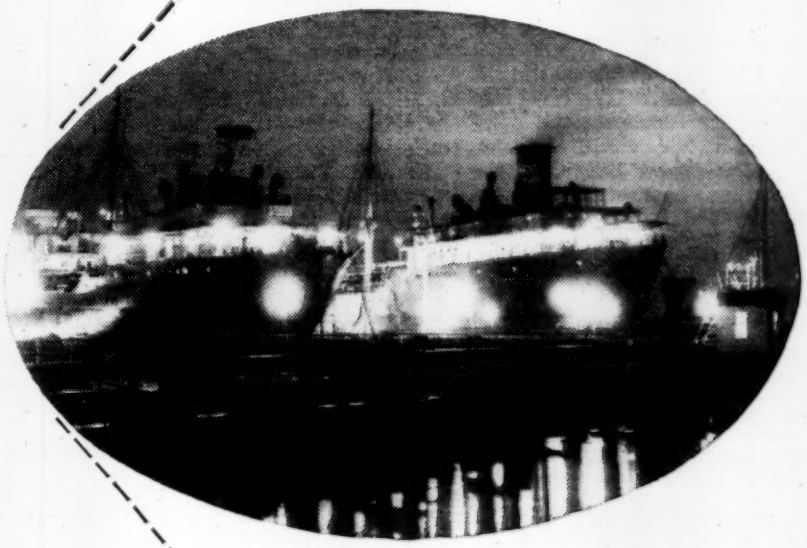

. . . which nowadays means we are in the energy business. You use energy, in living. So does a country. Britain uses energy to the equivalent of 30,000 tons of coal every hour of every day. She will use more next year, more the year after, perhaps double the amount by 1980.

Where is energy in this quantity to come from? Traditionally, we have relied on coal. So must we still. Every extra ton is needed. But other energy sources must also help.

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That is why the steel industry is already one of the largest consumers of oil, why more homes are heated every year by oil, much of it coming from our refinery at Fawley. That is why this Company will also play its part as the railways convert to diesel, and why the consumption of fuel oil by industry goes on increasing year by year.

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Three factors have been suggested that might affect the numbers of herring. There is the possibility of a major change in conditions. We now know that long period fluctuations in temperature and productivity do occur; European seas have been warming up with a consequent northern extension of many species of fish. Certainly in some areas herring are developing quicker and possibly the great majority now join the adult shoals off East Anglia when three years old and so come sooner into the drift nets.

The other suggested factors are fishing; overexploitation either of the young herring between the Danish coast and the Dogger Bank, or of the spawning shoals in the Channel. Both are trawl fisheries in which the trawl bag is kept clear of the bottom and the shoals are detected by echo-sounders. Of recent origin, they have increased enormously. Trawling for immature fish was begun by the Danes in 1948, the Germans then followed so that by 1954 the yield reached 100,000 tons. If, as Dr Hodgson maintains, these fish would later have entered the East Anglian shoals, there appears good reason why the latter have declined. Meanwhile, around the Straits of Dover, fleets of up to 150 trawlers are exploiting the spawning herring; and this is considered by others as the more probable cause.

So final agreement on the reason, or reasons, for the present decline in the fishery must await still more intense study of the life history of the herring; and then any remedy may have to await international agreement. Tragedy is the greater because the produce of the East Anglian fishery went in the first place as human food; only the surplus was used for commercial purposes. But the fabulous catch of the trawl fisheries is all reduced to meal and oil. To quote Dr Hodgson's concluding words, 'the herring stock of the southern North Sea has been capable of feeding a large part of Europe's human population for hundreds of years, but it has yet to be proved that it can, in addition, also feed Europe's livestock'.

C. M. YONGE

Fleet Street

IT is a long time since Fleet Street enjoyed itself so much as over the failure of the American rocket. This may or may not be depressing to promoters of Anglo-American unity. As an historical fact it has its significance – although the Kremlin would be wise perhaps not to give it more than it can carry. There may have been cousinly sympathy – even anxiety – around somewhere. But if so it did not manage to make the most of the front pages. Wit – or as much of it as can be squeezed into a headline – was the order of the day.

'Oh, What a Flopnik!' rocked the *Daily Herald* across seven columns. 'US Calls It Kaputnik', hooted the *Daily Express* across eight. It was gala night for the sub-editorial boys. 'Ike's Phutnik' was the *Daily Sketch's* contribution, 'Puffnik' the *Daily Mail's*, and 'Stay-Putnik' the *News Chronicle's* – although the *News Chronicle's* main banner headline was more sober than that of most of its rivals, 'US Sputnik Blows Up'. Only the *Mirror* among the popular newspapers rejected the temptation to think up a verbal crack for its front page. It preferred exclamation marks. 'Oh Dear!!! US Sputnik Blows Up on Ground!!! The Man from the *Mirror* (BLUSHING) was there'. And even it could not resist 'It's a Sputnik that went P-h-u-t-n-i-k' on its back page. *The Times*, 'US Rocket Explodes In Satellite Test', and the *Telegraph*, 'US Satellite's Rocket Blows up', remembered their positions and stuck to plain statements. But even the *Manchester Guardian* could not resist a slight quip, 'US Sputnik Goes Up In Smoke'. Most sedate of all, oddly enough, was the *Daily Worker*. It carried the story under a mere double column in a secondary position: 'America's Sputnik Launching Fails. Rocket Explodes'.

In a cartoon of an Englishman, a Frenchman, an Italian and a German all laughing their heads off in front of newspaper posters, with a large Krushchev holding his sides in the background, and the caption 'Hilariously funny – if someone else was not laughing even louder', Cummings on Monday may perhaps have expressed the second thoughts of others besides the *Express* itself. Nevertheless, there can be little doubt that the first outburst of sub-editorial humour reliably reflected the immediate reaction of most newspaper readers. As to why this should be so, the *Herald* perhaps indicated most plainly in its pointed reference to 'America's much ballyhooed bid to launch a satellite', and to 'the world-wide publicity given to this attempt to keep up with the Joneskis'. It was the failure of the ballyhoo rather than the rocket that brought the uninhibited pleasure.

If sub-editorial imaginations were stretched to the limit to deal with the American rocket failure political ingenuity had a field day with the Garston by-election result. There were interpretations to suit every taste. *Daily Herald* readers were cheered by the news 'Garston Knocks Tories', and a leading article 'The Big Slide (continued)' which opened with the pertinent question 'How can a government be 20 times bowled and still not out?' it went on to declare 'The swing from the Tories – 14.6 per cent – is a sensational indictment of Macmillan and his record of failure'. The *News Chronicle* – 'Tories Hold Garston' – also put the swing away from the government at 'over 14 per cent'. The *Daily Express* had a different statistician. 'Swing Against the Tories Passes 7 per cent' read its headline, and the report below commented 'there was a 7.15 per cent swing against them'. The Tories, it continued, 'are becoming increasingly concerned over the Liberal vote – which is making many seats less and less safe'. On the other hand, the *Mirror* – 'Tory Slump Goes On' – concluded that 'the Liberals will be disappointed with the smallness of their vote'. The result, it proclaimed, 'must be one of the most depressing yet for the Conservative Central Office'. It looked rather different to the *Daily Telegraph* ('Government Hold Garston'). Although true that the seat had been held on a minority vote, a majority of anything over 4,000 (actual figure 4,304) was, the *Telegraph* advised its readers, 'satisfactory' in the view of 'Conservative opinion at Westminster'. Garston was not a disappointment. To the *Daily Mail* is looked even more different. Not for it the tepid enthusiasm of the *Telegraph*. 'Tories Halt the Swing', shouted its front-page, top-of-the-column headline. And on Monday the *Mail's* political columnist, Henry Fairlie, advised his possibly slightly bemused readers that in fact the Garston result, so far from being set-back, was 'precisely the kind of situation which the Prime Minister has been working for'. Warming to his work, he added that 'the South Leicester and Garston results taken together' (a swing of only between 3 and 4 per cent according to his statistics) 'mark a definite turn in the government's favour'.

To the *Daily Herald* the evidence had been plain on the morning of the result. 'The government has been told it isn't wanted. Why does it cling to office to the country's hurt?' To the *Mail* and Mr Fairlie exactly the reverse was proved: 'At least he (Mr Macmillan) will go to Paris with one essential foundation of statesmanship secure. He will be able to say that there is no evidence that the British people wish to displace him'. A swing of 14.6 per cent, 7.15 per cent, between 3 and 4 per cent. An order to go. An instruction to stay. You pay 2½d. and you take your choice.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Top Person at Twickenham

ONE of the sporting world's minor delights is to see armchair experts come unstuck. This pleasurable bonus is even more treasured than the sight of a small dog disrupting a Cup-tie, or of two obviously incompetent batsmen defying the country's best bowlers in a streaky last-wicket stand. It is almost as good as seeing a referee hurt, and no one even pretends to suppress the giggles this produces. During the past few days the armchair experts of Fleet Street have managed to stimulate giggles over the University Match, even from frustrated Cambridge men; for, on the day of the match they were almost unanimous that Oxford would be massacred. Only the rugby correspondent of *The Times* appeared seriously to dissent and, at first reading, his forecast seemed almost ludicrously hedged.

What evidence had all these experts to work on before the match? They knew that the Cambridge forwards were reasonably competent except in the line-out, where they were outstanding. They knew that Horrocks-Taylor and Mulligan were brilliant as individuals and in the top class as a pair of halves. They knew that A. R. Smith was among the best right wings in the world and that Leonard on the left was above average.

Oxford had one great asset. Their outsides were no more than competent – their fly half was sometimes rather less than that. But their forwards as a pack, and three of them as individuals, could at times play better than any university forwards I have ever seen; and they included three marauding forwards – Davies, Wilcock and the captain, Robbins – who could at times turn opposing attackers into dithering incompetents. The intriguing problem of this year's Varsity match therefore was: could the Oxford forwards as a whole get the ball a great deal more often in the tight scrums and, when Cambridge did get the ball, could the three Oxford marauders disrupt the Cambridge scoring machine and force it into mistakes from which Oxford could snatch a score? If they could do this, Oxford had a chance. If they could not, they would undoubtedly, it seemed, be swamped. It was after making this analysis that the sage of Printing House Square predicted that Oxford would either win by three points or lose by about thirty.

The day favoured Oxford, for there was a drizzle, and so in the first half did the wind, which blew strongly in Cambridge faces. During that first half there was only one team in it. Oxford got far more of the ball and, though their outsides could make little headway in passing against a defence which moved right on top of them, their long kicks to touch with the wind kept Cambridge almost continuously in their own twenty-five. Oxford scored just the once in a slightly scrambled affair after fifteen minutes and did not look like scoring again; but throughout

the things they say!

I always like to support a family concern.

Why do you say that?

Because I don't think you ever find quite the same friendliness between managers and men in one of the big businesses.

You wouldn't say that if you knew much about I.C.I. Being a working journalist, I've seen inside lots of their plants. I've seen how they're run, and I can tell you that I.C.I. take great interest in the problems of human relations, and go to immense trouble in trying to solve them In any case, big concerns are sometimes absolutely vital.

I don't see why.

Well, take that 'Terylene' skirt you're wearing. I.C.I. had to spend £5,000,000 on research and development before they felt that 'Terylene' fibre was a thoroughly practical textile material. Since then they've allocated £49 million to construct plants to make the stuff. No small concern, whatever its merits, could have taken on a job like that.

I see what you mean, but a small business has advantages denied to a big one.

Quite so, and no one would agree with you more than I.C.I. When the I.C.I. Board decided to go ahead with 'Terylene', the first thing they did was to appoint a team of their younger executives to take over the project, and they gave that small team plenty of scope for its own initiative. You see, I.C.I. are fully alive to the necessity for delegating authority and do so right down the line. In this way they contrive to combine the advantages of smallness—and bigness—in their own activities.

ICI

the half their marauders exploded so quickly on to Horrocks-Taylor and his two centres that their passes, if given at all, were hurried and their two menacing wings were kept for the most part in chilling idleness. For the most part. . . . Once or twice in this half, the ball came cleanly to Smith and, though he was well tackled either by Scott or by Young, his short dashes showed what he could do. Oxford had the best of the game, but they could not have felt happy at half-time. Their forwards had been overworked and now had to face the wind; and though the Cambridge outsides had not yet burst into flame there had been sufficient sparks to show what brilliance lay just below the surface.

There then followed forty minutes of the most astonishing football that I have ever seen, astonishing because though almost everything was wrong with it as a spectacle it was yet absorbingly exciting even for non-partisans to watch. There were still few combined movements by the outsides of either team. There were few individual breakthroughs. There was a great deal of kicking and a great deal of scrummaging. Yet even a lady next to me who had never seen a match before, and thought that Cambridge was in Massachussetts, sat enthralled; for it was obvious, even to the least initiated, that for a full twenty-five minutes the game was at crisis point. Cambridge were getting more of the ball and their outsides, battered in the first half but not bowed, were showing more and more of the flashes expected of them. At any moment, one felt, the breakthrough might come and, after the breakthrough, the deluge.

But Oxford for a time held on. Robbins put his head into the scrums but, the moment he saw that Cambridge had hooked the ball, he was ten yards away ready to pounce on Horrocks-Taylor and once, when the Cambridge fly half, with a perfectly controlled body movement evaded the thrust, he was caught by an Oxford centre in a head-on crash tackle which lifted player and ball three feet in the air. Cambridge then switched their tactics. They could not break through by passing, so they would use the wind and send Smith and Leonard racing after diagonal kicks. They did race and once Oxford were only saved by the coolness of Young who, retreating to cover his full back, caught a high kick and then, with three Cambridge men at him, ran right across his own goal and kicked to safety on the other side of the field.

Still Oxford held but now came the decisive moment. With ten minutes to go a long Cambridge diagonal kick soared on the wing towards the Oxford line and looked to be going dead. But as it bounced it shot off at an angle and went into touch inches short of the corner flag. Amid a roar of expectancy, inflated by all the previous frustrations, Cambridge's great line-out specialist, Marques, leaped for the ball as it was thrown back from the touch. But he did not get it cleanly and there was a scrum on the Oxford line. This was the moment. Get the ball now and it was an even chance that Cambridge would score. They had the loose head and they looked to have the shove. But Oxford got the ball and booted it into touch for a gain of two yards. Another lineout and then another scrum. Again Cambridge had the loose head and the shove. But again Oxford got the ball and this time sent it fifteen yards up into touch. And that was that. The supreme moment had come and, thanks to the courage and skill of the Oxford forwards, it had gone again. It did not return and my last memory is of eight magically refreshed Oxford forwards beginning to drive the Cambridge team before them as wolves might drive sheep.

So *The Times* correspondent was right; and if only Sir William Haley will put him on to pools forecasting, bottom people will begin to read *The Times*—and so make sure that they don't remain bottom people for long.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

. . . and several 'thou'—as Omar Khayyam might have continued if he'd realized that a good many thousand pounds would one day be spent on research into bread. For Omar bread was simply the staff of life. Science is not going to be fobbed off with *that*. Research has shown that bread contains many of the items of diet necessary for good health.

In other words, bread's good for you. It is, say the pundits, tremendously nourishing. According to a recent report*, in the average diet, bread and flour provide more energy, more protein, more nicotinic acid, more iron and more Vitamin B_1, than any other single food.

As basic foods go, bread's the cheapest one going. In terms of food value per penny, it's the best you can get. A nutritional bargain, in fact.

So make sure your family eats plenty of bread every day—good and fresh.

* *National Food Survey Committee Report, 1955 (Page 132) published by H.M.S.O.*

In 1955, bread and flour provided, in the average diet, 26.5% of the energy; 27.8% of the protein; 25.5% of the nicotinic acid; 23.4% of the iron; 28.7% of the Vitamin B_1.

Note: All flour contains—per 100 grams of flour: Nicotinic Acid—*not less than 1.60 milligrams.* Iron—*not less than 1.65 milligrams.* Vitamin B_1—*not less than 0.24 milligrams.*

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The Arts and Entertainment

Crime on Goat Island

UGO BETTI'S *Crime on Goat Island*, which I briefly mentioned last week, is thought by many to be his best play. Certainly among those I have seen, or heard on the radio, I should bracket it at the top of his list with *The Queen and the Rebels*. But if this placing is correct, it does, I think, bring us rather sharply up against the question of whether Betti was really as important a playwright as his present reputation suggests. He undoubtedly has a most interesting turn of invention. The scheme of each play excites an immediate interest. Yet at the end each seems to leave us unsatisfied. Betti always seems to be trying to express something profounder and more important than actually comes through, so that one begins to wonder whether there is as much there as he really thinks; and in the end one feels that, if he had only tried to put less in, the plays would be very much better.

Take *Crime on Goat Island*. We are presented with three women living in a remote anonymous island. We are not told whether this is Greek or Italian; and here we run straight up against one of the irritations in Betti. He refuses to specify. His plays are conducted in a series of no-man's-lands. They are placed in time but not in space—and so far from acquiring 'universality' by this, they lose a necessary dimension of actuality. Still, here we are with our three women: the widow of an archæologist, her daughter and her young sister-in-law. They make a bare living in this remote farmhouse from their flocks of goats, and they are all suffering under the pressures of their position—the remoteness, the loneliness, the poverty. They live starved lives.

Then suddenly there arrives a young man, handsome, vital and penniless, a gay lay-about who claims to have been a great friend of the husband over three years in a prison camp. They are suspicious of him; they half-believe him; they mistrust him but they take him in. His charm and virility are the things that have been missing from their lives, and in the second act we find him installed. He has made himself comfortable and has made them all feel larger and better. And then gradually it comes into the open—each of these women probably knew it and put up with as long as it wasn't in the open—that he has served all three of them. One bull to three heifers. This discovery throws up what is perhaps the most interesting thing in the play, the relationship between daughter and mother. When the daughter discovers that she is sharing Angelo with her mother, she strikes all the conventional attitudes of the injured daughter who has loved her mother and is now betrayed by her. But the mother simply refuses to play her emotional game. She strips off the pretences one by one, emotionally and pitilessly. She loved her daughter as a child, but it is high time the dependance was broken; and she for her part has broken it; she will not have her daughter making childish emotional claims on her at this point. Miss Catherine Lacey was particularly good in this hard and truthful scene.

Up to this crisis the play has been wholly convincing. Angelo is a delightful creation who charms us, as he does the women, so effectually that when we eventually discover his worthlessness we are as ready to forgive him as they are. And Betti produces a fine stroke to end this second act. There is in this kitchen a deep well where a stock of wine is kept cooling. Angelo, having proposed a party, climbs down the rope ladder into the well to bring up the wine. The ladder slips off its hook and he calls out to the widow to throw him a rope; she casually brings one. And then at the last moment, she pauses and decides not to throw it down. This opens up for the dramatist what should be a lovely last act, but to my mind he spoils it by trying to put into the situation very much more than it can bear.

When the last-act curtain rises Angelo is still at the bottom of the well. He has been there two days. The women creep about above; the two younger ones prefer to think that he is just being played with, being punished with a rather diabolical practical joke. Both have talked earlier of getting away from the island and now the mother, who is playing a different game, packs them off. He is to be left down there; it is the best, the only, solution. And the lorry, which calls at the farm once a week arrives and takes them away.

The moment they are safely off, the mother runs to the well with the rope, and we think we see now why she got rid of them; she wants Angelo for herself. But it is not that. This is only a last spasm of pity which she stamps out in herself, and instead she sits down to wait for him to die, explaining with a rather too characteristic pseudo-profundity that thus they are alone together for eternity. It is, in fact, just this constantly recurring note of pseudo-profundity which makes Betti suspect. He is never content to let his highly ingenious schemes work themselves out in their own terms within the play. And we are left unsatisfied on two planes. We get neither the kind of general illumination which is always being promised to us, nor do we get at the end that feeling of resolution which comes at the finish of a play that has stated its own terms and seen them through.

Still, *Crime on Goat Island* has a great many incidental rewards. Not the least of them is the pleasure of seeing Mr Keith Michell in a modern part. It was time he came out of Shakespeare. For, while Shakespeare can exhibit the gifts of the superlative actor, it can also muffle a little, the gifts of the merely good. At a certain stage an actor like Mr Michell (another perhaps is Mr John Neville) can lie back through Shakespeare and let the dramatist do the work for him. Mr Michell had perhaps reached this stage. Emerging now into a part which throws the onus on to him and which gives him superb chances, Mr Michell responds splendidly. A dynamic performance.

Two new light comedies have arrived in London, one American, the other French. Each is quite fun in a mild way; neither, one would have thought, so insistent that it *had* to be brought here. Can no native writer of comedy fit Mr Ian Carmichael out with an English part that he has to impersonate a New Yorker? It seems odd, when light comedy is our strongest traditional form. *Tunnel of Love* at Her Majesty's (at present the home of American light comedy) is an agreeably bawdy piece and none the worse for that: but the good jokes in it are fairly thin on the ground and, if it weren't for Mr Carmichael . . . At the Criterion there is *Paddle Your Own Canoe* which is much better than its title sounds. If it had only been adapted, instead of merely translated, it might have been first class. Even as it is it ripples quite gaily along. Violet Fairbrother and Moira Lister are a rapacious and dominating mother and daughter who tame their menfolk into nullity. Newton Blick is a splendid worm who helps Nigel Stock to turn and run for it.

T. C. WORSLEY

Ernani

PLUNGING down to Oxford through last week's fog, I was rewarded by a performance of Verdi's *Ernani* which did much credit to the University Opera Club and to its founder-director, Professor J. A. Westrup. On the face of it, early Verdi would seem a rash and even reckless choice for undergraduates; but the venture came off. As soon as the overture started, an impression of adequacy and thorough preparation spread through the house. What remarkable wind players are now to be found among the young! Besides those in the University Orchestra itself – an impressive body, some seventy strong – an additional 'Stage Band' consisting of ten wind instruments sat alongside, ready to supply the rather comical and jaunty dance-music which Verdi in his sublime innocence deemed appropriate to any period or any social milieu whatsoever. The principals, in-

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cluding an undergraduate (John Davies) in the important bass role of Silva, proved surprisingly effective; the chorus blazed away zealously; in short, the whole thing was most invigorating, and no one could reasonably complain that he had left the Town Hall without obtaining a fair idea of this once famous opera.

Bernard Shaw, sadly noting that by 1892 *Ernani* was already half forgotten in England, called it an 'ultra-classical product of Romanticism', a 'grandiose Italian opera in which the executive art consists in a splendid display of personal heroics, and the drama arises out of the simplest and most universal stimulants to them'. The plot is rather crudely carpentered by Piave out of Victor Hugo's play; the characterisation is sometimes simple and straightforward (Ernani), sometimes quite subtle (Silva), sometimes as grandly inconsequent as any minor Elizabethan (the famous baritone role of Don Carlo); the situations are repetitive, and, if we are not very careful, capable of provoking mirth.

At Oxford, I regret to say, mirth was, from one quarter, discreetly encouraged. Professor Westrup, a neat versifier and evidently something of a wag, had attempted to repeat his success of two years ago, when his translation gently guyed the more flagrant absurdities of Bizet's *Fair Maid of Perth*. It may seem inconsistent to accept such treatment of the wild travesty of Sir Walter Scott perpetrated by Bizet's librettists, while resenting the taking of similar liberties with Hugo-Piave-Verdi; and I lack space to explain just why the two cases strike me as somewhat different. I can only record that when, in the first act, Don Carlo drew Silva aside and sang into his ear,

Now the Emperor's dead – God speed him! –
There's a chance I might succeed him,

while I fully shared the audience's amusement, I felt uncomfortable too. Such moments recurred at intervals, not very frequently, it is true, but often enough to disturb the chivalrous mood of the opera. John Cox's production, on the other hand, though it did little to mitigate the absurdities, at least kept a perfectly straight face throughout; and Mark King's costumes looked positively handsome against the huge black curtains that covered all the back and sides of the stage in a stately Spanish gloom.

The music, like *Hamlet*, is full of quotations. It does not combine with the action to form a memorable aesthetic unity, like the earlier *Nabucco;* but it abounds in characteristically Verdian energy and intensity, it excels in the depiction of rage, magnanimity and sorrow, it provides many hints of later subtleties (such as the sudden leap into C major a few bars before the A major ending of Act 1), and it is of course full of sweeping and splendid tunes. The third act has long been recognised as a war-horse for a heroic baritone; Peter Reynolds, with his firm and clearly focused voice, did pretty well by it – and would have done still better if the conductor had shown him how to vary and broaden his delivery in accordance with the sense of the musical phrase instead of holding him to a strict tempo that now and then became meaningless. Jean Buck, a promising Elvira, had to contend with a similar rigidity of pulse in the cabaletta of 'Ernani involami'. Such music was very differently treated, as gramophone records show, by singers like Battistini and Sembrich, who were already artists of the front rank in Verdi's lifetime and had the feeling of a contemporary for his style; to disregard all such evidence and plough straight ahead with the music exactly 'as written' is every bit as unscholarly in Verdi as in Couperin or Scarlatti. However, this was only a minor failing. For some reason Edward Byles succeeded in giving the right gait, as well as the right ring, to most of Ernani's heroic tenor utterances; while the orchestral preludes and the vigorous and massive ensembles in which the opera abounds went with a truly Verdian swing.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

A Goan Painter

IN the last hundred years the European artist has got to know more about non-European art than at any time before and has got more out of it than at any time before. In the last hundred years the non-European artist has got to know more about European art than at any time before and has paid the price.

Perhaps this has happened because in the past the non-European artist had picked up something entirely foreign from Europe, whereas today he tends to draw inspiration from that European art which has itself drawn inspiration from his own native traditions. Modern Indian painters, for example, mostly adopt the first-half-of-the-twentieth-century Pan-European decorative style which was partly inspired by the oriental kind of flat-patterning exemplified by traditional Indian painting. These painters tend to argue that their style is in fact rooted in their native tradition, and that, if modern European art derives from that tradition, it only goes to show how universally valid that style is today. This sounds all very fine, but when we look at the works they appear to bear the relation to Ajanta that a new translation into English of a French translation of Shakespeare would bear to Shakespeare. This sort of diluted and disorientated feeling seems to me to be present in almost all the contemporary Indian art we see here.

The importance of Francis Souza, the young Goan painter who has settled in London and currently has an exhibition at Gallery One, is that he has resolved this dilemma of style as no other modern Indian painter – at least among those known here – has done. He has crossed Indian bazaar-painting with the Picasso style especially associated with the years 1936-1946 to produce a manner that is at once individual and consistent, and which might be said to suggest a caricature of a Byzantine icon. (Some of the paintings are, in fact, of Christian subjects – Souza is a Catholic – and all the portraits look as if their subjects were unfrocked saints.)

Souza, then, has got the gift of breaking through the language-barrier. He has shown the same gift in his handling of verbal language. 'I myself read, write and think in a language alien to me', but how he writes it!

> What I'd want to do is to suspend my vocal cords (*sic*) on the nib of my pen, like a mouthful of food on the end of a fork; to throw my voice like a ventriloquist's, but over a page; to emit sounds with gummed backs like postage stamps which stick firmly on paper. . . .

He is often at his most expressive when he is writing about his need to express himself. And in his painting the thing we are most aware of is the intensity of his need to paint. He is a man avid to communicate. Whence the brutal frankness with which his writings lay bare his heart, his stomach, his sex, with a self-conscious, not an innocent, absence of shame.

Only, there is a failure of communication, it seems to me, in the paintings. The highly-coloured words of Souza's writings are vivid with their meaning. The densely-packed little lines of his more elaborate drawings are loaded with

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feeling. But as I stand in front of the paintings I sense only the vehement force and passion *behind* them, find little of it *in* them: it is like watching someone singing grand opera on the television with the sound switched off. I think that Souza will have to get vibration and meaning into the strokes of his brush and into his colour, use paint as a *medium* of feeling, not as a way of ornamenting illustrations of it, if his painting is to be a mirror of his remarkable and ambitious personality.

DAVID SYLVESTER

Snooping Around

AT the National Film Theatre, now a centre for so many things, our attention is drawn to TV. Since, in the future of cinema, a closer alliance between films and TV may prove important, I looked forward to this programme – items and excerpts culled from Associated-Rediffusion – and I was not disappointed. It is unfortunate, I think, that the programme should have been titled 'The Captive Cinema'; this cribs from 'Free Cinema' and seems to set itself up against it. Indeed, those most concerned believe they're doing a more vital job. Let me assure them they are not. *Together, Le Sang des Bêtes, On the Bowery, Christmas is Coming* – to name a few examples of 'Free Cinema' – are to these TV interviews as a Dylan Thomas poem is to a newspaper article. To pretend otherwise is to confuse values. There is a place for 'Free Cinema' and a place on the journalistic level for 'This Week' and 'Look in on London'. What appealed to me, and will to all enthusiastic film-goers, is that the TV journalist gets material that rarely reaches the cinema, though there is no reason why it should not. I occasionally drop into news theatres hoping to find just the sort of experience retailed here. Since the cessation of 'The March of Time' and 'This Modern Age' intelligent snooping has disappeared from the screen, and the lively free-lance with a camera isn't encouraged. The level of supporting shorts is so low that TV could hardly fail in this necessary field to do better.

And to judge from the pieces we saw the other afternoon (to be repeated until 17 December) it can and does do better. 'Report on Cyprus' may not have been up to 'The Modern Age' standard; but 'Fan Fever' seized on the arrival in this country of Liberace to give us a whirlwind inquiry into girl screams and their organisation. Good, lively hunting, with script by Elkan Allan and direction by Peter Morley. Then a chap with an umbrella and the Tower of London in the distance made nice fun of what American tourists are led on to expect and what they find. Peter Morley's direction and Dan Farson's script kept the joke fresh. Then there was an inquiry into tramps and London lodging houses; but my favourite of all was the old sewerman from 'Look in on London' who admitted some disadvantages but in the end thought the air probably better down there. This leaf out of Mayhew's book, directed and written by Harry Hart, caught a tang one misses woefully in our commercial cinema; and also made less obtrusive the interviewing technique which in such films would soon grow wearisome. Needless to say, their technical resources are crude compared with those of even the newsreel cinema; where they gain is in a new opportunism and a new and individual audience.

Cinema shorts aren't inevitably bad; the trouble may be they don't get around. Try an Academy morning. There, for quite a long time, they have been in the habit of showing musicals, their kind of musical, which may be a Bach Passion and its equivalent in painting, or Menotti's *The Medium*. At the moment English church architecture is their theme, as expressed in three films: one of the new Coventry Cathedral taken from a model and explained by the architect, with music by Tippett; George Hoellering's grave reminiscence of Canterbury Cathedral in wartime; and Basil Wright's and John Betjeman's discovery of the superb glass windows of Fairford in Gloucestershire, which will come as a revelation to those who have never seen them. All these are both films in their own right and valuable records; and I can see an 'Academy morning' establishing itself among the rarer London pleasures.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Sense and Nonsense at the BBC

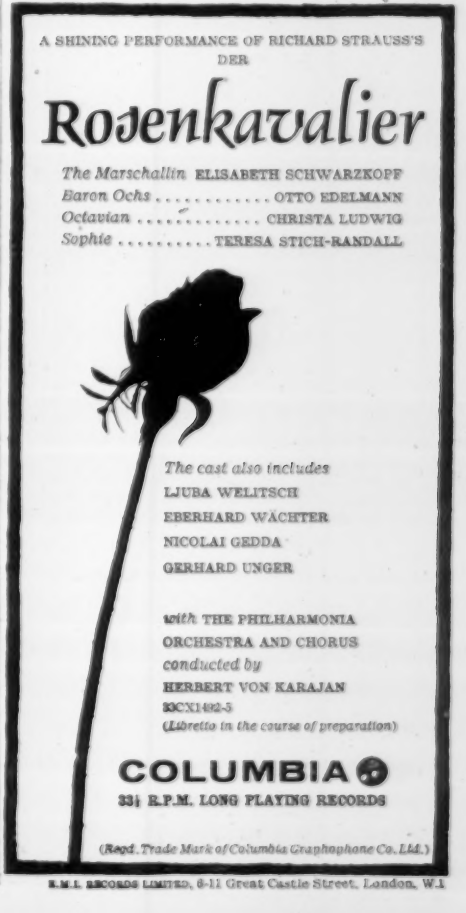
SOMETIMES in the past the Reith Lectures have been platitudinous and pompous. Nor is radio the obviously ideal medium for a lecture – a form of communication whose name still has an academic ring. But any series of lectures to which sufficient prestige is attached (such as the Bampton) is of value in one way at least: it obliges the eminent person delivering the lectures to rethink his position on matters of importance – an exercise which eminent persons are usually too busy to engage in – and to try to say something new and true about them. In addition, when such a series is broadcast at a peak hour on Sunday night by the BBC, the lectures receive widespread publicity. I doubt, however, if any previous series of Reith Lectures has been more lengthily reported in the press than the series on *Russia, the Atom, and the West* now being delivered by Professor George F. Kennan.

There is nothing startling about the actual content of Professor Kennan's lectures. He expresses views about East-West relations which have been widely held for some years on this side of the Atlantic by most people Left (and some Right) of Centre. What is startling, and encouraging, is that these views should now be freely expressed by an American with Professor Kennan's status and background, and should be presented in so ceremoniously respectable a context. In those of the series which I have heard or read, there has been a studious avoidance of propaganda of the Cold War type.

Professor Kennan seems to have accepted substantially the idea of competitive co-existence. Last Sunday, for instance, he said, with many other sensible things (and some that I thought a little less sensible): 'Moscow has its contribution to make to what should be a common burden of all the highly industrialised countries; and there is no reason why this contribution should not be welcomed wherever it can be really helpful. . . . What is there to be done about the feelings of people in Asia and Africa? Very little . . . over the short term, except to relax, to keep our composure, to refuse to be frightened by the Communist alternative, to refrain from doing the things that make matters worse, and to let things come to rest . . . on the sense of self-interest of the peoples concerned'.

'Relax'! What a refreshing word to hear, at this moment, in an authoritative American voice! The BBC has again lived up to its high responsibilities by providing Professor Kennan with this rostrum.

But why do the BBC's attempts to live up to its responsibilities sometimes come unstuck so grotesquely? I suppose because behaving with



dignity is not the same thing as 'being on one's dignity', and an institution such as the BBC is, inevitably, staffed to some extent with second-rate bureaucrats who, aiming at the former, can only manage the latter. The cancellation of the broadcast of a students' debate because Mr Muggeridge was taking part in it is the latest incident in a petty and cowardly vendetta – and the more absurd because (as nobody else, except eight million listeners, seems to have noticed) Mr Muggeridge *was* allowed to take part in *Any Questions?* last Friday, long after the decision on the debate had been announced. Perhaps this was an example of the well-deserved semi-autonomy of the Western Region.

The BBC is, indeed, far more of an enigma than such standard interpretation-bafflers as the Kremlin. For it can at times discard dignity without descending to the gutter. Like everyone else, I have often praised its weekday television miscellany, *Tonight*. The Sunday television feature, *News Review*, is designedly more 'serious' than *Tonight* and is potentially satisfactory; but it could still be serious and risk some of the unbuttonedness so engaging in *Tonight*. It would also be improved by the unifying influence of a single unconventional personality such as Michelmore's (if such another can be discovered): on some Sundays one has a bewildering impression of a series of different, yet identically dapper, 'typically BBC', young men talking at one for rather too long. Sometimes, too, there is too much banal newsreel material – potentates walking to or from airliners or unveiling memorials. The most enjoyable recent item showed a steam-roller rolling (with dignity) over a yogi at the World Vegetarian Congress.

The most undignified of all BBC TV programmes is one of the best on either channel – *Six-Five Special*, a fast-moving skiffle-and-rock pandemonium, designed for the Espresso-bar and youth-club market but enjoyed by many of the unstuffier elders. Even if you hate the noise, you could, one Saturday evening, turn down the sound and simply enjoy the admirable camera-work, the sensitive exploration of the 'teen-age amateurs who throng the studio, worshipping and jiving: the groups are admirably composed but constantly dissolving, the cameras flit from face to face, hovering with affectionate curiosity on some eager or loutish lad, some plain ecstatic girl.

Back to sound for a series which reveals magically the true dignity of unspoiled countrypeople. Mr Alan Lomax, whose European folk-music series I praised some time ago, has been 'digging' these islands, with even richer results. Tonight (Friday, Home, 7) his subject is Ireland. Last Friday he presented some wonderful material from the Highlands and Islands of Scotland – a spinning song from the Shetlands, an old Highlander's 'charm for stopping a hail-shower', a metrical psalm, Gaelic songs which imitate the cries of seals or gulls, a Barra girl's lament for her drowned lover, the creative energy of the tweed-shrinking work-songs, a quaint blasphemous parody at a Glasgow *ceilidh*. . . . On Christmas morning, at 11, Mr Lomax will introduce an immensely varied programme: folk-song, skiffle, carols, jazz, calypso – and a London ex-servicemen's street-band, the Happy Wanderers.

TOM DRIBERG

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MACDONALD

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BRITAIN AND THE H-BOMB

SIR,—The cold war, that childish substitute for a foreign policy, has generated a fall-out more dangerous than the nuclear. An all-invading propaganda encourages politicians, officials and much of the press to dispense with the troublesome encumbrances of reality and reason and to build their ideas and policy on the foundation of familiar catchwords.

If, for instance, we strip the trimmings of propaganda from the Syrian 'crisis', the sequence of cause and effect is abundantly clear. For some time past America has been furnishing Turkey with military missions and large quantities of arms. Reversing the roles—always a revealing test in foreign affairs—the exact counterpart of America's action in Turkey would be similar action by Russia, not in Syria, but in Mexico. America would undoubtedly find this an intolerable provocation and react with energy. In the world of reality Russia must equally be expected to do so. Up to now that reaction, however inconvenient to ourselves, the humble abettors of American policy, has been mild, being confined to the distribution of arms to some of the Arab states; but if this process is allowed to go on unhindered reactions must grow progressively sharper until eventually they lead to war, a war out of which America, sheltered behind 3,000 miles of ocean, might emerge comparatively intact but which would almost certainly be fatal to her satellites—including ourselves.

It is worth considering whether it is not already high time for us to step out of the cold war and the atmosphere of perpetual propaganda that is needed to keep it alive, just as, in more statesmanly days, we had the good sense to step out of Metternich's Holy Alliance, and won the respect of much of Europe by doing so.

GEOFFREY KNOX

Tobago, BWI

SIR,—When you write: 'There are obvious objections to the theory that a modern nation can be defended by a militia' you are correct. The most obvious one being that it cannot be done, if you are applying the word *defence* to the physical apparatus of our way of life. Mr Kennan's reference in his broadcasts to the 'village cross-roads' seems to indicate that he is also thinking of guerilla warfare. Mr Kennan's strategy is correct but in his tactics he has slipped back into the traditional theory that the correct reply to physical violence is counter-violence. It is this theory which nuclear energy in military form has made out of date. Your readers may care to listen in at 9.15 p.m. on the Home Service on 19 December when this vitally important question will be debated at some length.

STEPHEN KING-HALL

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SW1

SIR,—Mr Hyams is quite correct in stressing the futility of agitation on the part of intellectuals in an increasingly monolithic state; but this does not mean nothing can be done. Mr Hyams presumably shares the almost universally accepted doctrine that industrial action by the masses is never justified when made for political purposes. In fact, of course, industrial action and possibly the spreading of sedition is sometimes the only effective way of showing public opinion. Until intellectuals are prepared (as Socialist pioneers were) to go to prison for their convictions, then all the organisations, letters, and talk of intellectuals in the world will not affect the Cabinet's contempt for public opinion one little bit. The Left (whether Labour or Communist) fools itself that public opinion made the government withdraw from Suez. If it had not been in the interests of American capitalism to exert considerable pressure on the government then only political and industrial action by the masses might have saved us from a third world war.

MICHAEL D. WARD

236 St. Pauls Road
Smethwick
Staffordshire

SIR,—When he says that cessation is not the worst thing that could happen to the human race, Lord Conesford is guilty of the teleological arrogance which an earlier civilisation embodied in the legend of Satan but which we treat just like any other sort of pre-eminence, and send it to the House of Lords. The human race is composed of individuals, any of whom is free to cease individually. Lord Conesford can avoid degradation with a pistol or a gas oven whenever he likes, but to suggest that the other two thousand million of us should go with him is to usurp the function of God.

As there usually is in these great death wishes from prominent conservatives, there is an obvious category-mistake. Cessation is neither the worst nor the second worst nor the second best nor any other sort of thing which could happen to the human race. Entities undergo processes which may be compared. Cessation is not a process; it is the cancellation of the entity, and no basis of comparison with anything else, good or bad, survives.

WAYLAND YOUNG

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W2

SIR,—The attitude evinced by Lord Conesford and those who think like him must be the despair of peacemakers who do not share this terrifying conviction of rectitude. Can any religion, even by its own principles, justify in any circumstances the self-destruction of the entire human race? The most bellicose Christian would be hard put to it to argue so from the teachings of Christ. It is all well and good to say that the individual may choose death before dishonour; for history has never shown that any form of degradation has defeated religious conviction. But when the martyr's choice is made by the few on behalf of all humanity, the matter becomes not different in degree but different in kind.

The Conesford view is far too short. All things tend towards a reconciliation; and, seen from the standpoint of, say, our Elizabethan ancestors, the western and Communist empires clearly share many more features in common than they have ideological notions dividing them. The very shapes of Western and Eastern societies are moving in a direction where it seems reasonable to assume that, with another century elapsed, there will be little to choose between the US and the USSR if no war supervenes.

Man's 5,000 years of recorded history give a mere hint of his potential development on this planet. Nothing can justify our destroying it in the totem and taboo stages.

ALAN DAVENTRY

2 Highbury Place, N5

SIR,—Lord Conesford says that Bertrand Russell's statement 'the supreme concern of men of all ways of thought at the present time must be to ensure the continued existence of the human race' is an error. He then goes on to explain that he would choose death rather than many forms of degradation. But this is a personal decision. It is quite a different matter for him to demand the right to sacrifice the whole human race, whose members have many and various ideas of what constitutes degradation—for some it may even be fighting a nuclear war. If Lord Conesford wants to commit suicide then he, as a believer in freedom, should choose a method which will not involve his taking everyone else with him.

HILARY JONES

9 Stow Park Avenue
Newport

SIR,—Lord Conesford writes of Bertrand Russell's open letter': 'Why on earth should he assume that cessation is the worst thing that could happen to the human race?' Is not Lord Conesford confusing the human race with the House of Lords?

K. ZILLIACUS

House of Commons, SW1

REFORM OF THE LORDS

SIR,—Most plans for reform of the House of Lords either nibble at the problem, like the present government Bill, or like Anthony Wedgewood-Benn's ingenious scheme have no chance of general acceptance. May I, in all humbleness, put forward a better plan.

There should be created a new order of nobility, to be known as the Divorcage. All natural-born British subjects whose marriages have been dissolved in the courts will receive automatic elevation at the moment that their decrees become absolute. They will qualify for the Upper House, but only those who receive a writ of summons will be eligible to attend. The writs will be issued by the government of the day, subject of course to the advice of the political honours scrutiny committee.

Many—perhaps the majority—of the present peerage will also be members of the Divorcage. Thus the element of continuity dear to the constitution will be preserved.

Sufficient members of the present government will be automatically eligible to enable the Queen's government to be carried on.

The reformed house will be representative of all grades and strata of present British society. Representatives of sport, and the stage, have for long found their place in the ordinary honours lists. Now for the first time their voices will be heard in the Lords.

At least for a few years there will be no Bishops in the new Upper House. Should the continuing evolution of Church of England doctrine enable a few enterprising prelates to qualify themselves, the situation will of course have to be considered afresh.

I earnestly commend this scheme to the attention of your readers. It is said that to be viable, a society's institutions should reflect its structure and ethos. What could be more satisfactory than an Upper House at once egalitarian and exclusive, intensely democratic and intensely snobbish? And what better than the Divorcage to mirror the spirit of twentieth-

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PATRICK HUTBER

2 Guilford Street, WC1

BRITISH HUMOUR

SIR,—At mother's knee I learned never to reply to reviewers, and have never done so except in cases of unfavourable comment on my work.

Mr Stonier, however, in his far less than enthusiastic review of my *Aspects of English History*, inadvertently puts his foot into a question of more than personal importance. One is always glad, of course, when a reviewer admits that one's piece of writing causes him more or less to choke up. The admission shows that the work has impact, drive, and—for all we know—genius. (Driving home the point, a man at the *Observer* had a similar reaction. And indeed there was a moment when I entertained the obscurely exciting notion that this was going to qualify as 'most-disliked funny book of the year'. However, other reviews have made nonsense of this arrogant aspiration.)

What makes it important to reply to, and ruthlessly to denounce, Mr Stonier, is that at this very moment English humour is fighting its way out of a slough of despond in which it has been bogged for many a long year.

Punch, which published about half of my *Aspects of History*, has led this escape from the bog, this advance towards an adult humour in Britain. *Punch* has had the courage and acumen to allow people to stop making jokes about lawn-mowers and house-boats and get down to the basic humorous business of tearing the entire language to pieces and throwing it about like semantic confetti.

S. J. Perelman, the greatest humorist of the age, once told me that he learned how to write the dialogue of the early Groucho Marx films studying *Ulysses*. (I note that somebody has just written that my book 'has something in common with *Finnegans Wake*'—and in that statement he is correct.)

Therefore we must not allow people like Mr Stonier—a man I regard as all the more dangerous an obscurantist because I hold him in high personal esteem—to come fuddling round saying that he does not know or care 'what it is all about'. Nor did the first English critic who viewed Bert Brecht or Ionesco. They never do. They are yearning subconsciously for Gilbert and Coward. But they must not prevail. Particularly they must not be allowed to drive us all back to the lawn-mower sketch by simply claiming that they cannot tell what anything else is 'all about'. The *New York Times* has just written of Perelman's last book that for humour 'there must be a magnificent disregard of your reader, for if he cannot follow you, there is nothing you can do about it'.

I believe there is something one can do about it—for instance, I write this letter.

CLAUD COCKBURN

Youghal, Ireland

FIGHTING FOR FEUDALISM

SIR,—The anonymity of the author of 'Fighting for Feudalism' ought not to be allowed to protect him from severe criticism. His was a wicked article, wicked because it was untrue both in its general thesis and in its particular examples, and wicked because it struck not only at the relationship between officers and men in the armed forces of the Crown, but at all relations of trust between men exercising different responsibilities and called on to perform different duties.

The words 'they treat you like dirt' are, so far as regular officers in all three services are concerned, a vile lie. No ship, no squadron of armoured fighting vehicles, no combat aircraft with a crew of more than two, could survive for a moment as an operational unit if it were true. It is just as vile a lie to assert that since 1945 'a determined and almost desperate effort has been made to restore to the British army the values that served it fairly adequately before 1914'. Several battalions of the British army showed their post-war calibre in Korea. Look, for example, at the record of the Gloucesters, and of individual officers, NCOs and men, both in battle and in captivity.

To describe the attempt to persuade an intake of national servicemen 'that theirs is the finest regiment in the grandest army in the world' as a confidence trick is something worse than the lie direct. It is a perverse and sneering denial of all the values on which human association in a common enterprise is based. Why do men play in a football team? Or join a brass band? Or—as did a young subaltern officer who was awarded a posthumous VC—go gallantly to death shouting the name of their regiment?

Natural loyalties in men's hearts build themselves up through family and school, club and trade union, town, county and country. One of these loyalties, and one of the most important to a serving soldier, is his regiment. He is made aware, as a recruit, that he has entered a brotherhood of all ranks, the living and the dead. He is a better soldier and a better man by reason of that sustaining brotherhood, and by reason of his efforts to measure up to the standards which it sets.

The author of 'Fighting for Feudalism' can shut his own heart to knowledge of the ties which bind and strengthen other men. That is his loss. But to try to communicate his cold, selfish misery to others, under the cloak of a general argument about the state of the armed forces today, is evil work.

JOHN CONNELL

William Street, SW1

E. D. MOREL

SIR,—May I point out that 'Edwardian Portraits' is not a collection of spicy anecdotes, as might be assumed from Mr Marshall's description of the author as a 'purveyor of interesting and piquant facts', but a serious and documented historical assessment of the Edwardian Age together with a group of short biographies of some famous Edwardians?

The moving study of the Socialist reformer, E. D. Morel, which is based on new and hitherto unpublished material, is inspired, as was Morel himself, by a passionate anti-imperialist zeal and hatred of hypocrisy, materialism and war; 'the loving hand' which wrote it has been noted in the Conservative press to which it has also been left to show some appreciation of the moral and spiritual values implicit in this book.

Those who knew and loved my husband, and who know in what conditions of self-sacrifice he wrote this book may well admire its humour, but they will also be moved to know that Morel's last words were also the last words of my husband:— '*You must approach the issue from the stand-point of truth and its proclamation.*'

ELISABETH ADAMS

Briar Glen
Cookham

COMMUNISTS AND THE ETU

SIR,—As a reader of your journal since its inception (and of *The Nation* before that) I feel that I must say how deeply I deplore your attitude in joining the capitalist press in witch-hunting the ETU. I remember some years ago, in the course of a long article in your journal, Ernest Bevin was quoted as saying that he could not guarantee that all the branches of his union were entirely free from tampering with their ballots. In that connection, too, as a miners' lodge secretary for fifty years, such irregularities have come under my attention.

If the government does set up an inquiry into the affairs of the ETU I feel sure that you will appreciate that eventually their probing, and possibly regulating, will not end there, but will extend to other unions as well.

JOHN E. MORGAN

15 Thompson Street
Pontypridd

[We refer to this letter in an editorial comment.—ED., *N.S.*]

ART BOOKS

Can You Sketch?

CAN You Sketch? Wouldn't You like to Paint? How to Draw Cats. These are the real best-sellers among art books, the last named having sold well over 120,000 copies. We should all like to practise an art which involves less application than playing the piano and more sense of personal expression than embroidery. Sunday painting is the answer. Only gardening satisfies the creative urge with so little pain and such demonstrable results. The impulse is about two hundred years old and is the result of two episodes in the history of art which coincided in about the year 1760: the theory of the picturesque and the medium of watercolour. The theory of Beauty, involving as it does a prolonged study of the antique and a painful accuracy of draughtsmanship, had not encouraged amateurs; but the shagginess and imprecision of the picturesque ('The rector's horse is beautiful', said Sydney Smith, 'the curate's horse is picturesque') was apparently what the untrained hand could accomplish; and of course watercolours were less messy than oils. The books published in response to this need between 1759 and 1856 are more attractive than their modern counterparts. They are elegantly printed, they are coloured by hand and they set down, in simplified form, the findings of a long tradition. They start from the assumption that the science of picture-making involves certain laws which even the most scatter-brained amateur must learn to respect. The technical devices they describe had been used by Claude and Poussin, and offer the dilettante something more precious than graded tints and *repoussoires*: a way of seeing nature so that it looks like an acceptable work of art. In China a similar coincidence of the traditionally picturesque and a watercolour medium had led to amateurs becoming esteemed beyond professionals. But the 'gentleman painters' of Sung and Ming started from the discipline of calligraphy, and the mountain solitudes to which they were condemned on retirement gave them an opportunity of contemplating nature seldom enjoyed by retired Civil Servants in the West. They had no reason to take short cuts. That is exactly what the European amateur required, and what the Young Artists Companions, from Alexander Cozens to David Cox, were to provide.

A hundred years ago was published a manual on drawing which consciously countered all the short-cut books from the *Essay to Felicitate the Invention of Landscips* (1759) to *How to Draw Cats*. It was, indeed, so austere that I doubt if any publisher would have accepted it if it had not been the work of the most famous living writer on art. Ruskin was then at the height of his reputation. *The Stones of Venice* had appeared in 1853; the third and fourth volumes of *Modern Painters* in 1856. His social and economic opinions lay almost undetected in his writings on art, and were not to burst on the world in their full horror until 1860. He was, moreover, known as a teacher of art whose classes in the Working Men's College were thought to have produced talent in unlikely places. The amateur sketcher must have opened the *Elements of Drawing: in Three Letters to Beginners* with high hopes of an entirely respectable short cut to excellence. He (or she) was disillusioned by the opening words:

> My dear Reader, whether this book is to be of use to you or not, depends wholly on your reason for learning to draw. If you desire only to possess a graceful accomplishment, to be able to converse in a fluent manner about drawing, or to amuse yourself listlessly in listless hours, I cannot help you: but if you wish to learn drawing that you may be able to set down clearly, and usefully, records of such things as cannot be described in words . . . if you wish to obtain quicker perceptions of the beauty of the natural world . . .; if, also you wish to understand the minds of great painters, and to be able to appreciate their work sincerely, seeing it for yourself and loving it, not merely taking up the thoughts of other people about it; then I *can* help you, or, which is better, show you how to help yourself.

Many people like being scolded (it was one of the foundations of Ruskin's success) and they may have read these and similar exhortations without distress. But almost immediately comes the first dismal exercise, to draw a square and shade it with the thin black lines of a fine pen so that the texture is absolutely even; and then to extend this practice to several squares, and finally to produce, with the same frustrating deliberation, a band of graded shadow. No wonder that many would-be artists got no further. Nor, it seems, did some readers – unfortunately for them, for Ruskin, having thus discharged his feelings about short cuts, proceeded to set down some of the wisest instruction and most clear-sighted analysis of painting ever written.

The Elements of Drawing is the purified essence of those thoughts on landscape painting which were left in Ruskin's mind after the fermentation of *Modern Painters*. Since it is intended as instruction for the young and the unlearned, the greater part is written in simple language, and its practical purpose is never quite forgotten. Nor are the fashionable art-masters of the day:

> if you merely scrawl because he scrawled, or blot because he blotted, you will not only never advance in power, but every able draughtsman, and every judge whose opinion is worth having, will know you for a cheat, and despise you accordingly.

Or, 'if you need examples of utterly harsh and horrible colour you may find plenty given in treatises upon colouring to illustrate the laws of harmony'. And on the formulas with which such books are chiefly occupied:

> there is no general way of doing *any*thing; no recipe can be given you for so much as the drawing of a cluster of grass. The grass may be ragged and stiff or tender and flowing; sunburnt and sheep-bitten, or rank and languid . . .: look at it, and try to draw it as it is, and don't think how somebody 'told you to do grass'.

Simple advice of this kind continues to the end, but already in the letter on Sketching from Nature the individual character of separate leaves, clouds and rocks turns his mind to the conflict of law and freedom in human life, and he is launched on one of his most splendid diatribes against the assimilation of the individual, 'a society in which every soul would be as the syllable of a stammerer instead of the word of a speaker, in which every man would walk as in a frightful dream, seeing spectres of himself, in everlasting multiplication, gliding helplessly round him in a speechless darkness'; and by the time he reaches his third letter on Colour and Composition, the patient teacher at the Working Men's College gradually withdraws, and the inspired prophet of moralised nature takes his place.

When Ruskin demonstrates the laws of art by the growth of a tree, he endows it with a soul and a moral sense in a way which even the Iroquois Indians would have hesitated to do. And yet, through passion and eloquence, he is convincing, and the tree becomes for him what the human body was for Winckelmann, a source of poetic analogies which are built up into an aesthetic philosophy. The wretched amateur painter will by this time have thrown down his HH pencil or his sharp-pointed pen in despair, but he will be doing something far more profitable than shading squares: he will be looking – looking at leaves and branches, looking at rocks and clouds, and looking at the works of Turner, with an intensity and a respect which he would never have believed possible; and this, as Ruskin says repeatedly, is one of the two aims of his book.

The second is the aim of all his work: to make people better. 'My efforts are directed', he said to the National Gallery Site Commission, 'not to making a carpenter an artist, but to making him a happier carpenter'. It is this attempt to relate art and morals which seems to most people so ridiculous in Ruskin's work, and there is plenty of it in the *Elements of Drawing*.

> Affection and discord, fretfulness and quietness, feebleness and firmness, luxury and purity, pride and modesty and all other such habits, and every conceivable modification and mingling of them, may be illustrated with mathematical exactness by conditions of line and colour.

Does it sound such nonsense, after all? or at least, is it any more nonsensical than the attempt to relate morals and political economy with which Ruskin shocked so profoundly all sensible men in 1860? And is it so wholly unrelated to the needs of the amateur artist? Even today the Cabinet Ministers and film stars who slap on paint with such bravura will probably tell you that they do so because it makes them feel better; better in health they mean, of course, for no one today would venture to hope for any improvement in morals. If they will persevere beyond the first exercises I think they will find that Ruskin's *Elements of Drawing* provides a deeper therapy than the 'painting for pleasure'

books of today, to say nothing of their own unaided flounderings in the sea of appearances. In the end they may even join the 'gentlemen painters' of China for, as Ruskin says, 'your power of discerning what is best in expression, among natural subjects, depends wholly on the temper in which you keep your own mind; above all, on your living so much alone as to allow it to become acutely sensitive in its own stillness'.

KENNETH CLARK

Blake and Bible

William Blake's Illustrations to the Bible. Catalogue compiled by GEOFFREY KEYNES. *Trianon Press.* 26 *gns.*

The slump of 1797, during which the Bank of England suspended payments in gold, had among its remote victims William Blake. For it caused, with other hardships, the failure of the edition of Edward Young's *Night Thoughts* for which Blake had been commissioned to draw the designs and to engrave them. This defeat at the age of forty became a turning point in Blake's career. He never recovered his public status as a designer or even as an engraver, and from then on he had difficulty in earning a living. This is one reason why he allowed Flaxman and Butts to persuade him to leave the rigours of London—and his Radical friends there—in 1800, for the more genteel patronage of William Hayley in Sussex. And though Blake returned to London later, the break about 1800 was decisive: it put an end to the revolutionary tone in his poems, and was virtually the beginning of their dominance by religious themes.

Thomas Butts, who certainly encouraged Blake to make the break, was (like John Flaxman) a Christian mystic—a follower of Swedenborg. He befriended Blake during the 1790's, and in 1799 kept him alive by commissioning him to paint fifty small pictures from the Bible at a guinea a piece. Blake had painted only a few Bible subjects before, but from this time on he painted them regularly, and almost all of them went to Butts. The present book lists the hundred and seventy-five illustrations by Blake to the Old and New Testaments which have survived, gives a title and short descriptive and bibliographical details for each, and accompanies these by a small reproduction in monochrome. Nine of the pictures are also reproduced full-size and in colour. Among these are several pictures painted in tempera on canvas, on wood, and even on copper. Blake took a special pride in the process of tempera painting on a ground prepared with a mixture of whitening and carpenter's glue, on which the colour was itself laid in a solution of glue, and thinly varnished over again with glue. He was convinced that this process would make a more lasting picture than painting in oils, but he was wrong, and most of his tempera pictures have been darkened and cracked by the glue in them. It is therefore something of a technical triumph that they have been restored at all, and the reproduction of some of them here in colour collotype and by other methods is technically almost as remarkable. Several different processes have been used, to give colour effects of astonishing vigour and clarity. Nevertheless, few of these pictures from the Bible are among Blake's most important works, and the book in its limited edition is, above all, a prize for collectors.

J. BRONOWSKI

Mr Berenson's Venice

Italian Pictures of the Renaissance: Venetian School. By BERNARD BERENSON. *Phaidon Press.* 2 *vols.* 95*s.*

Sixty-three years ago, at the age of twenty-nine, Bernard Berenson published the first of his essays, with their accompanying lists of pictures, on the Italian Renaissance. Now the Venetian lists, the latest descendants of that first volume, begin the monumental edition with which his life-work culminates, an edition which is also the most magnificent of tributes to him. Mr Berenson's lists, in their latest revision, are to provide the basis for a corpus of illustrations—there are more than fourteen hundred for the Venetian School alone—which will reproduce something like a quarter of the immense amount of material left to us by the painters of the Italian renaissance. The result is endlessly valuable and interesting: the Venetian volumes are surely the most important single instrument for understanding Venetian painting that we have. The tool is so good that one is tempted to use it at once for the most interesting purpose of all, to turn it, that is to say, on its author and see how the view of Venetian painting contained in the original essay with which the whole enterprise began looks now, two-thirds of a century after.

Mr Berenson started with the Venetian School because it meant most to art-loving people. The Venetians, he pointed out, were concerned primarily not with religion but with the natural appetites of men. Moreover, in Venice painting gave pleasure in itself, like music. Painters dealt with the amenities of life, 'with refined merry-making, with country parties or with the sweet dreams of youth'. Mr Berenson concluded that Venetian painting 'thus became the first genuinely modern art'.

He was speaking for his time. The equation of 'the actual needs of men' with refined merry-making and the rest does not now seem distinctively modern. Some of his references from past to present—as original as the observation that Titian 'was in his way of painting remarkably like some of the best French masters of the end of the nineteenth century'—imply a limited and temporary view of modern painting as well as Venetian. The essay was written at almost the last moment at which a critic of great intelligence could accept a single scale of values for the painter's shifting, imponderable craft. When the highest achievements of Italian painting, 'considered purely as technique', are assumed to be lower than 'the great Dutchman, the great Spaniard or even the masters of today', we are brought up short, not perhaps so much by the unhappy comparison of the incomparable, as by the dawning certainty that we in our turn shall be proved at least as guilty of such shallowness. If Venetian painting can be called the first genuinely modern art, it is due less to Venetian secularity or Venetian diversions than to something more radical, the filling of a deeper and more actual need. Venice stabilised an attitude to the rich physical and visual material of European art, an attitude which could be maintained.

Mr Berenson's wonderfully consistent rendering of Venetian painting interpreted it in a setting of philosophic comfort amounting to luxury, in the setting in fact of the optimism and materialism of the nineteenth century. He could look straight at the lightning and the thunder of Venetian painting, at the breaking of the storm which hung suspended from the first year of the sixteenth century when Leonardo's proximity set off the uncanny electric discharge that changed the whole direction of the school: he could look straight at this aspect and hardly see it. We feel that when he wrote of the 'reality' of Tintoretto the essence of a great painter for once escaped him. Our own view of the unreality of Tintoretto, the phantasmagoric weave of light and paint, may be as partial, yet there is something in him only visible to a generation which has seen the paths that lead out of impressionism and away from the comfort of solid things. What Berenson saw, truly reflected in the like qualities of his own society, was the peculiar confidence with which Venetian painting met the crisis of the sixteenth century. An essay can hardly have more than one subject, and this is his, the theme dictated to him by his time.

We know that he is a great critic by the fact that this was as clear to him as it is to us. Indeed it was clearer: everything (as we fancy) was clearer then, in that pellucid air. He well knew why the Renaissance was his natural subject. 'We, too', he wrote, finishing the essay,

> are possessed of boundless curiosity. We, too, have an almost intoxicating sense of human capacity. We, too, believe in a great future for humanity, and nothing has yet happened to check our delight in discovery or our faith in life.

The statement is a landmark, and the more of one because with its tone of triumph there is audible in its conclusion the specific cadence of *the fin de siècle*. The final *yet* carries a hint that the check lies in wait none the less, somewhere in the near or distant future. To show so truly something of the past in its present aspect, and to be aware of the conditions, limiting and liberating, of the present viewpoint, are great distinctions in a critic.

A greater distinction, the critical achievement which retains its meaning and its relevance to other conditions of human arts in other times, is within the reach of criticism that is itself poetic art. Looking at the great body of illustrations of the new edition, in which one artistic personality after another is reassembled in its natural stature and paintings take on (as it has been Berenson's life-work to demonstrate) their special meaning as the work of specific men, one finds oneself turning back to certain passages. To the lines about Titian's 'Assumption', for example:

> . . . the Virgin soars heavenward, not helpless in the arms of angels, but borne up by the fullness of life within her, and by the feeling that the universe is naturally her own, and that nothing can check her course. The angels . . . are embodied joys, acting on our nerves. . . .

This statement is not about the form, in itself, or design, not even strictly about the content, the meaning of the figures as illustrations; it is about something else, a statement which may be, as it surely is, true to the whole, the picture that we know, embracing all its parts, though perhaps hazardous or false as applied to any separable ingredient of it. It is a statement about the character of painting as a vessel for natural vitality, the vitality in the first place, of the painter—a statement about the total human impetus imparted to the whole visible character, of the picture. We have no more profound definition of painting than the definition that this implies. It is the force of Berenson's poetic intuitions about pictures, rather than the aesthetic into which they were rationalised, that is so impressive. Due to it his initial essay remains the best introduction to the edition which crowns his work.

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English Medieval

Architecture in Britain: the Middle Ages. By GEOFFREY WEBB. *Penguin Books.* 52*s.* 6*d.*

In the volumes of the Pelican History of Art which have so far appeared, one has learned to recognise three types of author. There is the author whose fundamental conviction is that he is writing a book. There is the author who is really lecturing but has turned his lectures into a book as a side-line. And there is the author who is wholly intent on method and material to the extent that the book is merely a packaging for a given quantity of his labours. The first author is the 'readable' author and falls (unfairly, perhaps) under suspicion of involuntary distortions in the interests of literary form; the second author is sometimes so terribly anxious that the reader shall get a 'first' in the forthcoming examination that mechanical clarity tends to distort perception; while the third author is the 'pure' art-historian, scientifically precise, reluctant to generalise or to evoke emotional overtones and more or less impatient of literary balance.

If it were necessary to place Mr Webb in one of these categories, on the strength of his contribution to the series, he would have to go in class three – the 'pure' class. His treatment of the vast subject of medieval architecture in Britain is admirably and severely systematic, his system being the basic one of chronological grouping of clearly defined types and the comparative study of building forms within each type. Where the greater churches of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries are concerned this involves remorselessly exact architectural description and, as a consequence, unremitting attention by the reader and continual reference to the illustrations. It is not easy going. It is, on the other hand, a performance of fundamental value and one so difficult that it is perhaps not surprising that nothing of the kind has been attempted for more than fifty years, when knowledge of the dating of buildings was even less satisfactory than it is now.

In some respects, this concentrated and logical survey of the subject may disappoint. Mr Webb hardly concerns himself, for instance, with broad questions of patronage, building economics, the *Zeitgeist* or the nature of Gothic. He is content to delineate historical sequences and here and there to weigh inferences. Rarely does he become speculative. On the question what makes English medieval architecture English, he accepts the view now generally held that there is a special bias towards linear pattern. He finds this first in Durham Cathedral which he tentatively characterises as the first-fruits of the fusion of Anglo-Saxon and Norman tradition. Linear practice continues in the close 'mesh' of ornament in a facade like that of Castle Acre Priory or in parts of Lincoln and Ely where, almost imperceptibly, the character of the 'mesh' passes from Romanesque to Gothic. At Canterbury Mr Webb points to the use of marble as a device to secure emphasis on line rather than mass and the same tendency is distinguished at various junctures till the end of the story.

Mr Webb makes a clean sweep of the old Rickman nomenclature – 'Norman', 'Early English', 'Decorated' and 'Perpendicular'. Instead, we have for the first, Anglo-Norman Romanesque and, for the second, Early Gothic merging into Developed English Gothic. What Rickman called 'Decorated' is treated in a chapter on 'The Decorative Consequences of Westminster Abbey', which deals, however, less with the impact of Henry III's great church, than with the consequences of the general adoption of large traceried windows. The proportions of these, Mr Webb suggests, upset the old balance of vertical and horizontal in internal composition with the result that all sorts of ingeniously decorative bay designs were invented to restore the vertical emphasis. Hence the naves of York and Exeter and the Lady Chapel at Lichfield.

For Rickman's 'Perpendicular' Mr Webb reads English Late Medieval. The origins of this celebrated style have been the subject of much study in recent years and it is now proved to have been born in London rather than in Gloucester. It was always considered 'very English', but Mr Webb shows us that it would be no less true to call it 'very French'; for the style depends on a lost building, St Stephen's Chapel, Westminster, which very clearly derived from the Court style of Paris, though the 'very up-to-date Parisian ideas' were, on importation, 'used and exploited in a context totally different from that in which they were originally born'. An excellent chapter on the parish church enfolds, rather unexpectedly, a dissertation on major timber constructions including the roof of Westminster Hall and the octagon at Ely. The final chapter runs rapidly but with much illumination through a whole string of masterpieces from Edward IV's Eltham to Henry VIII's Hampton Court.

It is obvious that Mr Webb has found it none too easy to keep his material within Pelican limits, reasonably generous as these are. A method once adopted makes its own pace and there had to be crude decisions about what to leave out. The main absolute omission is military architecture and it is a serious one, for the art of fortification can hardly, in the middle ages, be divorced from architecture as it can from Henry VIII onwards. To avoid such an omission there might have been something to be said for starting the book at the Norman conquest and assigning the pre-conquest periods to another book altogether, of international scope. That, however, is a criticism of the editorial plan, not of Mr Webb, who has given us a book of the highest analytical integrity and one which for many years will be the rock by which the serious student of English Gothic takes his bearings.

JOHN SUMMERSON

Creatures

Art Treasures of the British Museum. Chosen and introduced by GEOFFREY GRIGSON. *Thames & Hudson.* 63*s.*

The Painted Caves. By GEOFFREY GRIGSON. *Phœnix House.* 30*s.*

Mr Geoffrey Grigson is a prodigious all-rounder of the arts. In an age of specialisation even the proper epithets for him are tarnished. Amateur? It doesn't fit the editor of *New Verse* who created a focus for nearly all the poetry of the Thirties. Dilettante? Not the name for the author of *Freedom of the Parish*, that model of historical topography written at the level of poetry. Connoisseur? But his anthology *The Romantics* is a history of taste with the impact of a new discovery. In fact he is a poet who specially enjoys things created by man, an intellectual with the curiosity to understand and connect them. Sir Thomas Kendrick in a preface to *Art Treasures of the British Museum* sees him as 'an ideal museum visitor, properly judicious, properly critical, suitably learned and possessed by a great curiosity'.

This book is so splendidly satisfactory that I half-suspect the six more or less horrid colour-

photographs were left in it to feed our aggression while eye and mind exult in the intensely pleasurable excitement of the rest of it. Mr Grigson's approach is, as ever, personal. He has chosen 158 objects that seemed to him Presences – 'creatures' as Mr Lynn Chadwick would call them – that demand to be taken seriously as existing in their own right. They are all three-dimensional. None is attributable to any named artist. The black-and-white photographs of them by Mr Edwin Smith have been made with a painter's loving-kindness.

After an elegant historical essay Mr Grigson proceeds to catalogue his objects: a brief note on size, material, origin, style, sometimes ending with a comment:

> Every statue of the kind of the Mesopotamian and allied civilisations was set before the god by the important personage it represented to intercede for him and pray for him, *the statue thus possessing its own life.*

This deliberate creation of objects to carry human will and intention – to be in fact creatures of power – seems one of the chief functions of art. The effect can be very strong in the least representational of the artifacts – the bronze disc from Ireland in the 'inward' La Tène Style, the zoomorphic head-post that carried the aggressiveness of a Viking ship; or in things made for use in ceremonial display as the grotesquely victorious helmet of the German 16th century; even in objects for plain use, as the dipper made by the Baganda to be the coolness of water, the Danish drinking-horn clawed like an eagle and tailed in a flower, the wooden head-rest that confers the wit and comfort of the hare-god Osiris.

Among the many reflections that stir from the surface of these objects is the absurdity of our distinction between fine and useful art, and the deadness of functionalism as a mode of deciding the final form of objects to live with. The principle of beauty leaps forth as an occasional though not a necessary delight. I take it to be present whenever the artist has cared about the formal principles of things commonly called graceful. It is interesting to see how often one's friends, invited to choose a favourite object in this book, come back to No. 66, an Etruscan horse and rider, from a group of five, equally beautiful, designed as the top-decoration of a wine-jar (No. 67). They are creatures whose only message is delight and whose power is the power to please.

The animals of European cave-painting belong to the last phases of man's life as a hunter, the 18,000 years from the Aurignacian culture of the thirtieth millennium BC to the Magdalenian culture of the twelfth. They were designed to be creatures of power: they must be fertile (our European ancestors had no Trobriand innocence about the effect of sexual congress) and they must be captured. To ensure this the priest-artists had to capture the very spirit of the living animal. Sometimes, as in the bison-man of Les Trois Frères, they became the animal themselves. But to capture a spirit one must love it. So it is not surprising that the best of the artists hit upon the most lovingly objective of the approaches to painting, the impressionist. In the religious penetralia of their caves they covered the rough surfaces with the impressions made upon an eye that watched animals with the devotion of man hungry for a god. When, much more rarely, they drew a woman, they abandoned impressionism for a mental approximation to a familiar idea: their semi-abstract art seems to have originated in an abstracted mind. They sometimes drew caricatures of each other's faces for fun.

Mr Grigson writes of a personal pilgrimage to nearly all the painted caves of France and Spain. Archæologist, botanist, antiquarian with a

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poet's eye for limestone country, for the personality of caverns or a gipsy carrying 'succulent, frail, delicately blended cheese', which he ate to the song of golden orioles, he is a fabulously qualified traveller. I specially enjoyed being with him when, rusé as ever, he found his way all alone into a forbidden cave and stumbled deep into the penetralia to discern a single pony.

Sometimes we seem to be reading traveller's notes stringing along like telegraph poles in the strenuous sequence of a summer holiday. Yet as a whole the book is a notable *Grigsonium*, a journey among 'Presences . . . which have been made by man and have emerged from his intellectual and emotional dignity'.

ANDREW WORDSWORTH

Art as Symbol

Problems of Art. By SUSANNE K. LANGER. *Routledge.* 18*s.*

In philosophy, too, there has of recent years been something of a Cold War: the main battleground once again America, and the enemy Positivism. One of the best known figures in the campaign is Mrs Langer, whose *Philosophy in a New Key*, as the blurb to the present book says, 'reached an exceptionally large audience for a philosophic work'. One of the open secrets of her success is that to obvious high intellectual qualifications she is fortunate enough to conjoin the appeal of 'a defector'. Trained as a logician, the author of a classical work on the subject, she does not, like her more ignorant allies, have to turn her back on Positivism, but can try her hand at turning Positivism against the Positivists.

She does so subtly. Her starting-point is the Positivist critique of language. This – by all standards the most shocking part of Positivist doctrine – is, she says, perfectly correct. It is, that is to say, perfectly correct as far as it goes. The trouble with it is where it stops. For while offering an absolutely impeccable account of discursive symbolism, it unfortunately overlooks the existence of non-discursive symbolism. Non-discursive symbolism is symbolism characterised by three important traits. First it does not work by means of complex symbols made up out of simpler symbols as, say, language does with sentences made up out of words), but every symbol in it is a unique unanalysable unit; secondly, such meaning as it possesses belongs to it not conventionally but naturally or intrinsically; thirdly, its subject matter is distinct in that it is not about life of feelings, but the form of life, the life of feelings. Of such non-discursive symbolism Art, according to Mrs Langer, is a supreme example.

There are many dark and obscure passages in Mrs Langer's thought. But to dwell or insist on them would be mere pedantry; particularly so in that one can easily enough find passages of exemplary clarity by reference to which alone it stands condemned. I do not know whether Positivism can resist Mrs Langer's attack on it: I am sure that Art cannot survive her defence.

For any theory which sees art as a form of symbolism, which, that is to say, sees individual works of art not as composed of but actually as individual symbols, ultimately degrades art by immediately degrading the artist. For on this revised view the artist ceases to be the inventor, and becomes no more than the mere discoverer, of the work of art. There may be certain temperamental conditions in an artist – as, say, there are in an archæologist – that incline him to make this discovery rather than that, but in the last resort he can no more claim credit or responsibility for what he uncovers to the world than could, say, Schliemann for the wonders of Mycenae. And art itself, thus cut off from the human condition, purged of the marks of motive and desire, may at first seem ennobled and purified, but in the end it will prove to be a sickly and mutilated affair.

Art, Mrs Langer still insists, is about human nature: but if it is not also by and out of human nature, I cannot see that the concession amounts to much. Art on this interpretation is a sort of divine Writing on the Wall: as such, what it says may be interesting or moving or dramatic, but ordinarily we value art not for what it says but for what it is. Indeed, break the connection between art and human activity, and you destroy not only its value but ultimately its meaning. To put the point another way: as things are, does not a large part of the beauty, of the pathos of the great monuments of religious art lie in the fact that gods and angels confronted by them would not understand them?

In *Problems of Art* Mrs Langer makes a number of concessions, mostly of a terminological or verbal kind, to critics of her earlier works. To some this will be the book's great merit. Personally I find the practice disquieting, since it suggests a tendency on the part of the author to identify her æsthetic theory not with what she actually says but with what she wants or intends or hopes to say. I see her point, of course – but I am doubtful if æsthetics or any branch of philosophy can survive such self-lenience. For, after all, everyone feels that deep down inside him he possesses the truth, if only he could bring it to the surface. Is not the philosopher to be distinguished from the rest by the fact that he puts into words, that he actually says, what others feel dumbly?

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Art for History's Sake

Art in Crisis: the Lost Centre. By HANS SEDLMAYR. *Hollis & Carter.* 35*s.*
(Publication deferred till 24 January)

Periodically there appears, usually from Russia or Germany, an angry prophet who denounces modern art as corrupt and modern artists as degenerate. Such figures are characteristic of all ages and civilisations, and sometimes, as in the case of Bernard of Clairvaux or Mahomet, they succeed in establishing a tyrannical puritanism. The first of such prophets in our own time was Max Nordau, whose book *Degeneration* (its German title was *Entartung*, a word the Nazis were to adopt for similar purposes) was published in 1893. It was demolished by Shaw in one of the best of his pamphlets, *The Sanity of Art*. Nordau was succeeded by Tolstoy, Spengler, Goebbels, Berdyaev and others, but as Shaw said in his pamphlet, there is never anything new in such outbursts.

> At every new wave of energy in art the same alarm has been raised; and as these alarms always had their public, like prophecies of the end of the world, there is nothing surprising in the fact that a book which might have been produced by playing the resurrection man in the old newspaper rooms of our public libraries, and collecting all the exploded bogy-criticisms of the last half-century into a huge volume, should have a considerable success.

Professor Sedlmayr's book has had a considerable success in Germany. It is not quite so crude and philistine as Nordau's book, but it is based on the same fundamental errors about the nature of art and is inspired by the same authoritarian motives. That the author of the present book is an authoritarian at heart we know. He was a supporter of Hitler's regime in Vienna, but at the end of the war he repented and became a member of the Roman Catholic Church. On the last page of *Art in Crisis* he quotes Rutilius Namatianus to the effect that 'the law of regeneration is the ability to grow through evil', and there is no reason to doubt the sincerity of his own conversion. But this book was conceived, and apparently written, before that event took place. He tells us that he for the first time set down these thoughts in 1941, and in 1941 and 1944 delivered the material in the form of university lectures. 'The title *Art in Crisis: the Lost Centre* dates from then. Very little that is new and of substance has been added since.' Conceived during the Nazi regime, *Art in Crisis* still represents the typically fascist mentality in the sphere of the arts.

The author is not shy about the position he claims to occupy in the criticism of art – he calls it the fourth way, which transcends the other three (the æsthetic, the historical and the prophetic)

> through the introduction of an absolute standard of values. It takes works of art as symptoms of a disturbance in the condition of man, whether individually or collectively. This book diagnoses from the facts of art that the disrupted relationship with God is at the heart of the disturbance.

These words occur at the end of the book, after seventeen chapters that have rambled illogically over the history of the visual arts since the Renaissance, beginning, surprisingly enough, with an attack on the English landscape garden, as a symptom of the deism or pantheism that was to corrupt the soul of Europe! Throughout the book the author reveals a penchant for the history of architecture, of which he obviously has some special knowledge, and many of his incidental observations are of great interest. Indeed, in general no one can quarrel with his historical diagnosis. We all admit that during the eighteenth

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century the arts in Europe lost a coherent sense of style; that each art became isolated and autonomous. The boundaries of art itself were at the same time dissolved, so that no one could any longer tell where art ends and other provinces begin (for example, the garden fades away into nature). A further six chapters are devoted to the Diagnosis and Progress of the Disease – the flight from humanism, descent to the inorganic and chaotic, to demonism, mannerism and (with Breughel) the degradation of man – in short, the familiar Demon of Progress in the Arts. England, incidentally, in all this plays a villainous role – not only was she responsible for the sentimental garden, the sentimental portrait, sentimental genre-painting, sentimental drama, the sentimental journey, the sentimental novel, and so on, but from England also came 'the architecture of bare planes and applied ornament, the Greek revival, the Gothic revival and the phenomenon of architectural pluralism'. Even this was not the end of our crimes.

> From England also came the new style of domestic interior and the way of life that went along with it. It was also England that produced the architecture of iron. From England comes the conventional portrait of the time, as also the caricature with its denigration of man. . . : From England comes Flaxman's pure line drawing, and also the impressionist painting of Constable and Turner. From England comes spiritualism . . . the new cult of the practical . . . the early industrial landscape . . and it is above all from England that the world received the new philosophy of Deism and Pantheism.

Common to all such attacks on art and artists is a misconception of the very nature of art and of its function in society. This misconception is but one more aspect of that 'historicism' which continues to delude German philosophers and which conceives history as an irresistible movement of forces that find expression in the art and literature, no less than in the politics and social movements of the age. Sedlmayr again and again refers to his book as 'an attempt to diagnose the age both in its greatness and the wretchedness, *as that age is revealed to us in its art*'. Art, that is to say, is conceived as the expression of the spiritual and intellectual ideals of an epoch, and its values correspond inexorably with whatever religious or philosophical unity is achieved by that epoch. An age of religious unity produces great art; an age of free thought must therefore produce inferior art.

The most cursory examination of the history of art shows that this is nonsense. Not only is there no strict parallelism in the achievements of the various arts – architecture, for example, may decline while music or poetry advances; but also there is no historical correspondence between the religious fervour or unity of an age and its artistic standards. It is significant that Sedlmayr (in a footnote) refuses to discuss the awkward exception to his thesis represented by Islam – a great religious civilisation without corresponding values in art: it had an art, which some of us admire, but not one to satisfy the stylistic prejudices of a Christian humanist. But Islam is not the only exception. Some of the greatest achievements in art – Roman portrait sculpture, Chinese painting of the Sung dynasty, many phases of Classical, Italian, Dutch and Flemish art – have no 'relationship with God'. Or to take the matter on to a more personal plane: in what sense does the poetry of Shakespeare, or the music of Mozart, or the painting of Renoir, reveal a relationship with God?

The fundamental error is to treat art as in any sense a revelation of anything but the artist's own vision. I mean vision in the literal sense – visual perception in the case of the plastic arts – but metaphorically one may say a vision of reality. Art is the patient conquest, by men with eyes to see or ears to hear, of the world that is open to our sensibility. It is the piecemeal work of thousands of individual craftsmen, and though from time to time political or ecclesiastical tyrants may dragoon these craftsmen into some semblance of conformity and compel them to illustrate their beliefs or doctrines, art is to that extent debased or deformed.

HERBERT READ

Blasting the Bombardier

Some Early Abstract and Cubist Work 1913-1920. By WILLIAM ROBERTS. *Canale Publications.* 20s.

For eighteen months now William Roberts has been angrily firing pamphlets in the direction of Wyndham Lewis, and of his champions John Rothenstein and Michael Ayrton. He is angry about the Tate's exhibition last year of 'Wyndham Lewis and Vorticism', angry about Lewis's pronouncements on the subject of Lewis and Vorticism in the catalogue of that exhibition, angry about the views expressed by Rothenstein and Ayrton as to the relative position and size of Lewis and the other Vorticists. He has been arguing, indefatigably, that painters such as himself who were represented at the Tate as 'Other Vorticists' were put in a false position, were made to look mere satellites of Lewis, when, in fact, their aims and styles had been formed by the same continental influences – Cubism, Futurism – as Lewis's. The Tate, he maintains, should have organised either a Vorticist exhibition consisting of works done during the short life of the movement, or a simple retrospective of Lewis: the show that they did organise presents Lewis as 'a giant swollen with fifty years' accumulated work, while the others, on their meagre twelve months' rations, are in contrast but skeletons of their true selves'. Furthermore, 'The Tail', as Roberts calls it, includes painters who simply were not Vorticists, though they may have been invited to exhibit with the Vorticists, which is scarcely the same thing. David Bomberg, for example: 'There is as little indication here of a Lewis "Impact" as there is a Gauguin impact upon Renoir. The only impact noticeable in connection with Lewis and Bomberg is the impact of Paris Cubism on them both.' Lewis, however, being a publicist as well as a painter, was in a position to create a legend of himself as leader, as centre of the Vortex, a legend which the Tate exhibition served to perpetuate.

The words seemed convincing enough, but not half as convincing as the pictures reproduced in the latest Roberts missile. *The Dancers* of 1913, a painting done when Roberts was an eighteen-year-old student at the Slade: no sign of Lewis here, but an apparent influence of the Picabias of 1912. *Religion*, a drawing in wash of 1913: no resemblance to Lewis at all, but the reproduction has a curiously close resemblance to a reproduction of a Franz Marc gouache, *Landscape with Animals*, 1912-14. These works were reproduced in the first number of *Blast*, but they don't appear to owe Lewis anything, any more than do the Etchells heads in *Blast*, which come direct from Picasso's heads of 1908-09. There follow three black-and-white drawings of 1915, palpably influenced by Lewis. The next things in this (scrappy) collection are some drawings dated 1918: no hint of Lewis, but a strong kinship with Derain, which is even stronger in a Roberts of

the same date in the Imperial War Museum – the first study for the big painting *A Shell Dump*. The War Museum also has drawings, notably *The Capture of Delville Wood*, with a certain resemblance to Léger's war-dawings (which Roberts could not conceivably have seen). The slim book concludes with a drawing and a painting of 1920 in which for the second time Roberts seems to have been directly influenced by Lewis: *Dock Gates* looks exceedingly derivative from *A Battery Shelled*. As in 1915, the influence was to be transient. Roberts's insistence that he learned modern art from Europe, not from Lewis, is entirely vindicated.

Study of the works doesn't only lead to the conclusion that Roberts's major influence was probably Derain and that it certainly was not Lewis, whose influence upon him, though indubitable, was only marginal. It leads equally to the conclusion that Roberts is as far superior to Lewis as a painter and draughtsman as, say, Léger is to Gleizes. The one is a warm and authentic artist, the other an arid contriver. Only compare the two big canvases in the War Museum, both painted in 1919: Lewis's *A Battery Shelled* and Roberts's *A Shell Dump, France* (and, by the way, we are far from having to make allowances for the fact that Roberts was eleven years younger than Lewis and a mere twenty-four at that time). The Lewis is a banal illustrative composition, with tight, mean stylisations placed in a conventional space, the whole thing jazzed up with angles and a few arbitrary shapes to make it look like a modern picture. We have seen the same inconsistency between the outer style and the inner conception in some of the Roberts war-drawings of two or three years earlier, but in the *Shell Dump* the elements of feeling, vision, and design are entirely consistent and integrated. Indeed, there is something Giottesque about the success with which the geometry of the low-relief design serves a narrative as much as a formal purpose, serves also not to make robots of the figures, as it does in Lewis, but to heighten their humanity with a simple grandeur, heroic yet unassuming. It is the persistence of this friendly grandeur in his later, more eccentric, work that makes the stiff, systematic lumbering people so strangely impressive as well as amusing.

DAVID SYLVESTER

An Evening with the Old Boy

A Victorian Canvas. By W. P. FRITH, R.A. Edited by NEVILE WALLIS. *Bles.* 25*s*.

Frith was the Frank Brangwyn of the late Victorian age. He was enormously successful and outlived his success. His pictures, in the Academy, had regularly to be railed off to keep the crowds away from them; his fees were always in four figures (guineas); his admirers were not only the fashionable fools but also critics of eminence. The last years of his life (he died only in 1909) were spent in neglect and under the shadow of a contempt as overwhelming as once his success had been. He was convinced as Brangwyn was of the injustice of his eclipse; if he did not build and stock a monument like the extraordinary Brangwyn Museum in Bruges it was only because he did not think of it. Like Brangwyn, too, he was a painter of high technical competence; the reproductions of the detail of *Derby Day* and *Paddington Station* in this book show it. Revulsion from the revulsion against his popularity is just about to restore him to temporary favour; if in your

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MICHAEL JOSEPH

attic you have any Friths, offer them now. (In ten years' time, offer your Brangwyns; when you should offer your Herkomers and your Alma Tademas is more than I can tell you.)

Frith's intention was to be the painter of contemporary life. He knew that his costume pieces like *Claude Duval* were of no real merit; he was certain that his painstaking record of the crowds on Ramsgate Sands was both true and immortal. He failed, not because of incompetence – the architecture and colour of his work were often excellent – but because he was not an observer but a preacher. '*Night*,' he says of one of his works,

> showed Haymarket by moonlight, the main incident being the exit of the audience from the theatre; a party is about to enter a carriage, and a gentleman is placing a young lady's cloak closely about her shoulders, in tender loverlike fashion. This is being observed by an over-dressed and berouged woman, whose general aspect plainly proclaims her unhappy position; and, by the expression of her faded though still handsome face, she feels a bitter pang at having lost for ever all claim to manly care, or to pure affection.

He looked as earnestly as Henry Mayhew did at the same London, but unlike Mayhew he saw only what was pleasant; even his villains are washed. As might be expected, his memoirs are in consequence amiable, trivial, and disconnected. These 230 pages are extracted from three whole Victorian volumes, and there are still too many of them. Reading them is like listening to a very kind, garrulous old gentleman of wide experience and no profound intelligence. He tells a great number of anecdotes, not very well; he has met a large selection of eminent people and cannot describe them very vividly. Sometimes a figure like the preposterous, dirty, violent genius Turner comes brightly through in his conversation, but soon after that you are listening to him explaining why Frank Stone was not so overpowering an artist as Marcus Stone. He can tell quite a good story against himself, such as that of when he was sitting on a quiet mare watching the hunt assemble, and when the view-halloo sounded the horse leapt away and joined the chase, and he hung on to her neck in terror, for six hours wildly joining in the hunt and receiving unearned praise for his reckless daring. But his stories are all as trifling as that; the book is of no importance. It is pleasant to spend an evening with the old boy, and pleasanter still to say good-night.

RAYMOND POSTGATE

Dedicated Men

Constantin Brancusi. Edited by CHRISTIAN ZERVOS. *Cahiers d'Art*. 60*s*.

Jacques Villon. By D. VALLIER. *Cahiers d'Art*. 90*s*.

Few informed persons would now dispute the importance of Brancusi. Some may have done, who now don't, and, indeed, a formidable body of critics and a smaller but more significant group of painters and sculptors have here combined under the ægis of Christian Zervos to pay him homage—and about time, too. The text of this Brancusi volume, therefore, tends to reveal, among others, a number of intellectual careerists leaping nimbly on to the crêpe-swathed bandwaggon which brings up the rear of Brancusi's funeral cortege. To single out these persons would be invidious, and some of the tributes are moving and honest, but homages in general make wearisome reading. Nevertheless, a book – any copiously illustrated book – on Brancusi is a major event in publishing and no serious student can fail to be grateful to M. Zervos for this production. Brancusi died in his early eighties, a few months ago. From the thirteen items in the bibliography, five of them articles from numbers of *Cahiers d'Art*, it is clear he was not pestered by critics seeking to extend his reputation to the general public. Only one monograph has previously been published and that is in Rumanian. Despite this, and it casts a curious light on the public condition of the arts, he had a reputation as lofty as any artist of the twentieth century.

By contrast the companion volume on the work of Jacques Villon is a much better book about a far less consequential artist. It is better organised, better illustrated, and since Villon is still very much alive, although born a year earlier than Brancusi, the funeral baked meats are not required. So Mlle Vallier has supplied a concise and intelligent text (an English version is also included), a good deal of which is founded on the artist's own statements and speculations. And if the bibliography remarks fifty items, including eight monographs, that is in part because Villon is a painter and not a sculptor. But whereas Brancusi was a great artist, Villon is not. He is instead a very good idea. His mind works beautifully, his passions are exquisitely controlled, and in his austere opposition to the powerful waves of hysteria which have swept across the visual arts during his long lifetime, it is possible that his severely disciplined progress may prove to have been more valuable to the art he has so devotedly served than the 'bumps and grinds' of greater and more gifted but sillier painters. Brancusi and Villon have this in common, that austerity and prolonged contemplation, together with the relentless paring away of inessentials, is characteristic of the work of both. It is possible to be either a great roaring ass or a small braying ass, it is also possible to be a great and dedicated solitary, or to be a *petit maître* but none the less dedicated.

MICHAEL AYRTON

Byzantine and Greek

The Beginnings of Christian Art. By D. TALBOT RICE. *Hodder & Stoughton*. 42*s*.

Greek Architecture. By A. W. LAWRENCE. *Penguin Books*. 63*s*.

That odious prig, the knowledgeable reader, may well experience a certain puzzlement on first catching sight of the jacket of Professor Talbot Rice's latest volume. What, he may well ask, has the Virgin of Vladimir, painted at the earliest in the twelfth century, to do with the beginnings of Christian art? And it is to be feared that having digested the arguments by which the author justifies the extraordinary extension of his range, he will be little the wiser. He may be well aware that in the great controversy *Orient oder Rom*, more ruthlessly prosecuted than any other campaign in the culture war, the Professor has always been numbered among those who hold uncompromisingly to the dogma that all good things come from the East; he will, in that case, hardly be surprised at the slightly patronising tone, as of an officer in the Brigade of Guards referring to a distinguished soldier who has had the misfortune to be commissioned in a line regiment, in which the author too often refers to examples of Palæo-Christian art for which even he cannot claim a Byzantine provenance. But nevertheless when, in the final chapter, he reads 'In some ways it seems inappropriate to end the story of early Christian art with the mention of these late ikons in Venice', his reaction is likely to be 'It most certainly does'.

The arbitrary prolongation of his theme would

seem the less justifiable in that the Iconoclastic controversy provides the author with a logical and convenient point at which to break off. It is true that there exists in Byzantine art a certain continuity which bridges the gap, but nevertheless there are notable differences in the work done before and after that unfortunate outbreak; differences not all that less marked than those dividing Carolingian from Romanesque which he holds justify his exclusion of the latter from consideration. But, by carrying the story on for another six or seven centuries in the East, after he has closed it in the West, the whole book is rendered hopelessly top-heavy. Thus, while St Savin gets less than half a line (and Ternand and Auxerre, in both of which the paintings date from the ninth century, are not mentioned at all), a whole chapter is devoted to the fifteenth- and sixteenth-century frescoes of Serbia and Macedonia. Nor is it easy to understand why the immensely sophisticated, mannerist works of the Palæologian revival, such as the mosaics in the Karieh Djami, are considered to be more relevant to study of the origins of Christian art than, say, the paintings of Giovanni di Paolo.

Unfortunately, even in the early chapters where the Professor's attention is of necessity focussed on Rome, one is always conscious of his Byzantine allegiance. How otherwise can one explain the very off-hand treatment of those extraordinary fifth-century works, the doors of Santa Sabina, and the failure even to mention the two mosaics in the church itself? A more serious fault is perhaps the neglect to relate the development of Christian art in the early days of the Church to that of the liturgy, save by one passing reference to the introduction of the ikonostasis as a result of changes brought about under Justin II.

The illustrations are numerous and familiar, and while one may be disappointed not to find the Hosios David mosaic from Salonica (surely the greatest single masterpiece of early Christian art to have come to light in the last 30 years?) it is a great pleasure to see once more that strangely neglected and quite wonderfully beautiful Virgin from Chiti. Inevitably, we are once again presented with a page from the Book of Kells. How long, one wonders, will it be before *kunstforscher* will admit that, while doubtless interesting as an early instance of occupational therapy, this lamentable production has nothing to do with art? The colour plates, except for the frontispiece, are uniformly unfortunate, but in the case of Plate B this matters the less as it has, in fact, no connection with the mosaic mentioned in the caption.

Professor Lawrence's volume in the Pelican History of Art is a most admirable addition to the series. The text is factual and so informative that one is left with the pleasing illusion that given the proper materials one could quite easily run up a little Doric number in the garden for oneself. The illustrations, mercifully the work of photographers who have not reached for their yellow filter the moment they heard the word Greece, never subordinate the illustrative function to the bogus artistic. Particularly valuable are the epilogue and the chapter dealing with masonry and construction. How strange, and how gratifying in this age of 'know-how', it is to be made to realise the quite exceptional impracticality of the Greeks. To reflect that, while as early as the sixth century they could calculate an eclipse, their structural methods showed no advance on Stonehenge, and that the contemporaries of Aristotle were still forced to secure their stonework with metal clamps at enormous expense owing to their inability to discover mortar.

OSBERT LANCASTER

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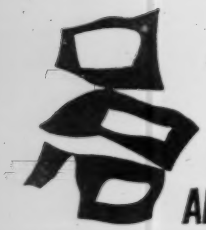

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Living Marks

Klee: A Study of His Life and Work. By G. DI SAN LAZZARO. *Thames & Hudson.* 28*s.*

With just short of four hundred well-catalogued illustrations, many of them unfamiliar, detailed biographical notes and a brief bibliography, this is an excellent introduction to Klee. On the other hand, the quality of the reproductions is not high, there are several misprints and, as a general criticism, one reader, at any rate, is distracted by a layout which spreads the text thinly between the illustrations, doing justice to neither.

It is a sign of the time that proportionately there are most illustrations of the works of Klee's last years. Yet the author does little to assimilate this aspect of his work within his essay. The fact is that the meaning of Klee's work has been transformed by events since his death, and this has made him extremely difficult to see all of a piece. A few years ago he was the easiest artist to write about; the early journey to Italy, the Naples Aquarium, the contacts with Delaunay, the Blaue Reiter, the experience of Kairuan, the material of the early notebooks, all seemed to lead with a beautiful inevitability to the years at the Bauhaus. It was like describing the life-cycle of a butterfly. Its climax, when one considered it, was the world he invented during the Twenties. One could not resist it: 'the preternatural geography of his vision, a fertile zone planted with parks and gardens', as Robin Ironside called it in one of the earliest pieces of Klee appreciation published in England. Nor could one resist the alchemist in him, the astonishing pseudo-scientist, the sense that one gained from the works of controlled organisms developing according to some internal law, obscure perhaps but verifiable. None of this now seems particularly relevant for the reason that one is always aware that the centre of gravity in his art lies in the last works, and these do not seem to obey the same laws at all.

Klee is no longer a private artist whom one loves for his idiosyncrasies, for the works of the Berne period have populated whole continents of painting; indeed, of all paintings characteristic of the years 1935-40 it is pictures like *Guardian Angel, Drummer, Death and Fire* that seem to us now most open and most alive. To his own friends at the time of his death this would have seemed unimaginable. San Lazzaro gives an interesting quotation from the funeral oration delivered by Georg Schmidt: 'I have seen Klee's last works. However painful it may be for us to hear it they do not contain any of the buds of a fresh spring. They are the finale of a life which knew its end to be near'. And beside the water-colours of earlier years these works must indeed have looked sad and sluggish then. His incomparably sensitive left-handed line is replaced by thick bars; the shadowy transparencies of texture, the crystalline structure, give way to dense dry colour, to open and apparently random arrangements. No wonder that his earlier critics discounted them. It was David Sylvester, in an article in *Les Temps Modernes* in 1951 (not, incidentally, noticed in any of the important bibliographies), who first came to grips with the Berne paintings, pointing out that in them Klee was at last *painting* the ideas of art and nature that he had evolved during the Twenties, rather than demonstrating them with illustrations. This explains the fertile influence of these works: they are beyond words. Whereas the earlier works invited commentary, the late ones repel it. 'Now it is beginning to look at me!' he would say as a picture took shape, and it is this persistent fantasy that the marks he made were living things that finally dominates him and sweeps aside the illustrator. During the Twenties he would demonstrate the vitality of his drawings, put them through their paces. At the end he takes it for granted. The painting of our period takes it for granted, too, and the phenomenal stare that greets us from the canvases of a Dubuffet, a Kline, a Rothko is our inheritance from Klee.

ANDREW FORGE

Too Many People

The Human Sum. Edited by C. H. ROLPH. *Heinemann.* 18*s.*

The world, says Bertrand Russell in his contribution to this symposium, is faced with two opposite dangers: 'The human race may put an end to itself by a too lavish use of H-bombs', or, antithetically, 'The human population of our planet may increase to a point where only a starved and miserable existence is possible except for a small minority of powerful people'. The two dangers are inter-connected as well as opposite. The attempt to relieve over-population by national expansion has been a frequent cause of war; it could be the starting-point of the next.

Julian Huxley, in a very valuable summary of the population problem today, points out that the world is now adding about 34 million people every year (going up by geometrical progression). Even if we take an optimistic view of the efforts now being made, particularly by China, but also by India and Japan, to reduce the rate of increase, the pressure on mankind's food resources must continue to increase during the next decades. Nor would war, which Malthus first mentioned as one of the checks on population, be efficient as a population check. Even the best that the general staffs have been able to do in the last two world wars has not resulted in murdering more than 20 million or so people in any period of four or five years. A really good nuclear war could no doubt kill a much larger number than this, even if it did not, as Russell anticipates, end the human race itself. But at best it would also turn much fertile land into desert, and vastly decrease the resources on which the diminished population would have to live.

Like most books compiled by several hands, this one (edited by C. H. Rolph, and illustrated with great originality by Alfred G. Wurmser) is likely to receive far less notice than it deserves. Its one clear thesis is that family planning is desirable. While Huxley and Russell deal with the world problem, Dr Parkes deals with the technical failure of science so far to find a universally satisfactory contraceptive; Mary Stocks provides an admirable summary of the history of the family planning movement; Rolph writes freshly about the legal notion of a family and Sherwin Bailey finely about its theological basis. Michael Young and Peter Willmott give us the fruits of research into changing family relations in the East End, and Edward Blishen provides a star account, from the teacher's point of view, of the school problems in a backward industrial area, where there is a high proportion of badly brought-up and often unwanted slum children. James Lansdale Hodson darkens the picture still further with horrifying facts about back-street abortion – an issue also movingly discussed in Jacquetta Hawkes' chapter on the changing sociology of marriage.

All this amounts to a most interesting collec-

tion of miscellaneous information on a subject about which most people have strong feelings but little accurate knowledge. A lot more research is needed. Here is an example which has puzzled me ever since 1948, when I first saw, in a single day, the contrast between Rangoon and Calcutta. In this book Huxley cites Calcutta as a classic case of over-population. In 1941 it contained about three million, now it has nearly five million. 'Its appalling slums are crowded to the rooftops, and at night the pavements are strewn with an overflow of people who have nowhere else to sleep and are forced to share the streets with the miserable roaming cattle.' Quite right. One sees by the roadside the new-born babies, their emaciated parents and the cows, while over all a cloud of flies buzz over the uncovered food, the babies' eyes and the excreta. In Rangoon, also an untidy and rather dirty place, the people are well fed and seem to spend a good deal of their day laughingly bathing under hydrants by the roadside. Burma has a population of 19 million. If it were as crowded as Bengal, the figure would be, I think, about 50 million. Why isn't it? Is the answer that the Burmese, with later marriage and perhaps a different temperament, are just less fertile than the Indians? Another answer is that the Burmese are blessed with a malignant type of malaria which weeds out the babies young instead of allowing so many to grow up and breed. I suspect both may be factors and that if science ends the malignant malaria problem it may also create a population problem in Burma. But I have asked many experts about this and none of them has given an assured answer.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

The Story and the Market

Domestic Relations. By FRANK O'CONNOR. *Hamish Hamilton.* 15*s.*

Tip on a Dead Jockey. By IRWIN SHAW. *Cape.* 15*s.*

Partly Submerged. By BEN MASSELINK. *Methuen.* 15*s.*

Scottish Short Stories. Edited by FRED URQUHART. *Faber.* 15*s.*

Pick of Today's Short Stories. Edited by JOHN PUDNEY. *Putnam.* 15*s.*

Mr Frank O'Connor is an artist in the short story who has chosen, throughout most of his new book, to function in second gear, as an entertainer. A lot of these stories were written for the *New Yorker*, and feel as if they had gone through that efficient editorial processing, which is like the American way with cheese, for instance, making something smoothly digestible, but depriving it of native flavour. The feeling that the product is going to be Cellophane-wrapped, untouched by hand, and not tasting of anything much comes out in the very first sentence of the first story: 'Some kids are cissies by nature but I was a cissy by conviction.' I cannot feel that the words 'kids' and 'cissies', embarrassingly lower-middle-class on this side of the Atlantic though genially Tom-Sawyerish on the other side, are part of Mr O'Connor's natural vocabulary. But given the demands of this market and perhaps consequent dodging of some of the pricklier Irish themes – very little about the Church, this time – it would not be in Mr O'Connor, even when slightly relaxing, not to write some very good short stories. The three best, I think, in this batch are one called 'The Pariah', about the kind of very eligible young

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HAMISH HAMILTON

MONICA REDLICH

daughter of a Leicestershire vicar, is married to a senior Danish diplomat and lives in Copenhagen. She thus knows both sides of the fence and is an ideal interpreter of her native country—affectionate and thorough, but not too grimly psychoanalytical. Her new book *Everyday England* carries on where the guide books and tourist pamphlets stop, with an intimate picture of the Englishman at home with his family—his background, education, sports, holidays, his food, his religion, his pet phrases, his hopes and his dreams.

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The sack and the saddlebag

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man whom most girls instinctively dislike, because he does not especially want to marry them, but just to marry someone; 'Expectation of Life', about a woman who marries an older man, genuinely loves him, but is planning all the time to marry somebody else after he dies; and a very funny story about a husband who sets out to fetch a midwife and, after a few whiskies with a few friends, thinks he has been sent out to fetch the Friday fish. And there is charm everywhere. But I have a sad feeling, and I fancy Mr O'Connor may have too, that old Ireland was never so cosy as this.

Mr Irwin Shaw, on the other hand, is a first-rate entertainer, whom his warmest admirers would never rank very highly as an artist. The *New Yorker* manner, which seems to constrict and diminish Mr O'Connor, exactly suits Mr Shaw. The patterns are basically sentimental. An American ex-pilot, almost on his uppers in Paris, gets a chance to take a risk and make a lot of money, and loses his nerve at the last moment; it is the younger friend, who used to look up to the pilot during the war, who grabs the chance. Or two American boys who are great friends meet a nice girl on holiday and the girl prefers the smooth, flip one to the inarticulate nice one, and the inarticulate nice one, slightly heart-broken, moves off. Somebody has lost something precious he once had, somebody young and vulnerable has been hurt in a new way. It is all about two inches deep. But how well it is done! Yet I prefer Mr Shaw when he is being merely funny, as in 'A Wicked Story', about a nice but jealous woman who nags her husband in a restaurant, because she thinks he intends to have an affair with an actress whom in fact he has only met casually, and her nagging sets him off, after all, on the affair. Mr Masselink is a younger writer than Mr Shaw and his stories are more attractive for the liveliness of the writing, the evocation of the sea and islands, a life of swimming and small boats, than for any great insight into human nature. There is one story which has a very good comic idea, about an American couple and their children who buy a small boat, go to sea, and write books about it. The children grow up and marry and have their children but publishers and lecture-agents still keep the poor grandparents afloat. But the idea is better than the execution.

Mr Fred Urquhart has revised an earlier Faber collection of Scottish short stories, but keeps in some old favourites, notably Cunninghame-Graham's 'Beattock for Moffat', surely one of the great short stories of the world; the dying-Scotsman, the dour farmer brother, the kind uncomprehending Cockney wife; the rhythm of the names of places, and the feeling for all their associations, as the train and the sick man near the Border, and death. Of stories new to me, I was most struck by Mr Edward Gaitens's 'A Wee Nip', a wonderfully genial study of the Glasgow slums, and by a sadder picture of poverty, Miss Margaret Hamilton's 'Jenny Stairy's Hat'. Eric Linklater's 'Kind Kitty' would be a better story if the first half of it were drastically compressed. On the whole, though, this volume makes rich reading. I wish I could say the same for *Pick of Today's Short Stories*.

It is all right to jeer at the machine-turned efficiency of the typical *New Yorker* short story but a great many of Mr Pudney's contributors embarrass one by sheer amateurishness, and like many amateurs they tend to have a fatal lust for fantasy and whimsy. Mr Pudney in his introduction notes: 'Among our present contributors are writers who have worked as a lather boy in a barber's shop, as a poultry farmer, as a manager of a music hall, as a chemist's assistant, as a frame fitter, as a GPO telephonist'. One can only say sadly that too many of the stories read exactly as if this were so, and that though imaginative writing is the most precarious of professions, it ought to be a full-time one. It is the few professionals, anyway, who come best out of this selection; notably Mr Peter Green in a Kiplingesque study (but without, I think, the feeling of connivance that one might have got from Kipling) of the cruelty and nastiness that can come to the surface, in what look like everyday weak characters, under the stress of war.

G. S. FRASER

Details of nearly 1,000 prints can be found in the UNESCO *Catalogue of Colour Reproductions of Famous Paintings*, 1860-1957 (HMSO, 20s.).

Art Round-Up

One of the items in the seasonal cataract of picture books this year is quite exceptional. Introductions to pictures, dismal or gaudy, solemn or patronising or both, have hardly ever managed to strike just the right note. Most of us, once safely introduced, gain a lasting aversion to the kind. The problem seemed insoluble, but it has now, I think, been solved by H. W. and D. J. Janson and their publishers in *The Picture History of Painting* (Thames & Hudson; 3½ guineas until the end of the year, 4 guineas for some incalculable reason thereafter, so the book-token trade will have to look sharp). The first point of the book is its plates, a hundred of them in colour largely, and sensibly, requisitioned from the finest international publishers (the two best illustrated books noticed below have both contributed); they are the *right* plates and about the best in quality to be had. Its other glory is its text, an extraordinary achievement, very short (the primary virtue of introductions), invariably intelligent and sufficiently serious, but effortless, informal, in a word – relaxed. It is simple (and perfectly accessible to any age-group that is likely to get at it), but so well-informed that some sections seem about to turn unobtrusively into racy surveys of recent work in the field. This book has no rival, and is not likely to have: it will be a calamity when it goes out of print. *The Moderns and their World* (Phœnix, 30s.) is, like its predecessor on the Impressionists, an eclectic and useful collection of plates, half of them in colour and a good many of them from well off the beaten track. It is seriously and carefully introduced by Sir John Rothenstein: at the end one is not quite sure if he is for or against his subject. No such scruples deter Michel Seuphor in his biographical *Dictionary of Abstract Painting* (Methuen, 42s.). The fact that many in this country will doubt whether such a dictionary is needed is an indication of British provincialism, of which the dictionary itself is evidence (among the five hundred painters in it twenty-two are English – and that scrapes pretty low in the

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barrel). It is needed badly everywhere but here: no field of painting is more bewildering.

Among the monographs of the season Mr Goldwater's *Gauguin* (Thames & Hudson, £6 6s.) is well ahead. The level of the series, which includes Shapiro's *Cézanne* and Cooper's *Lautrec*, is a high one and this text and most of the plates are worthy of it. Gauguin looks well in reproduction. *The Female Nude in European Painting* (Longmans, 45s.) printed in greyish offset, on the whole does not. In spite of some enterprisingly unfashionable choices in the French nineteenth century, the book doesn't entirely succeed at any point. The text (by J. L. Vaudoyer) does not justify it: the plates do not quite stand by themselves: the documentation is unreliable. One approaches yet another coloured album of *Van Gogh* with small expectations. Needlessly; the careful Milanese plates of this edition (Deutsch, 52s. 6d.) are excellent. This album is about the best on the artist. The experienced firm of Silvana, on the other hand, is relatively unsuccessful with *Picasso* (Deutsch, 63s.). *The Munich Pinakothek* (Thames & Hudson, 6 gns.) celebrates the belated re-opening of the great gallery this year. The point of the book is that it includes 42 colour plates as good as any book can show. It is thus a luxury (except for those in need of reproductions good enough to make colour slides from) but as such better justified than *The Louvre* (Thames & Hudson, 28s.) which presents 101 colour plates of archaic badness. This looks rather like the kind of souvenir that is fed in vast numbers to the tourist trade, inflated and incongruously launched on the international market.

In quite another field, that of the luxurious super-Christmas-Card, the pocket Orion books (Faber, 8s. 6d. each), are a welcome arrival. *Persian Miniatures*, by B. W. Robinson, is the best bet: the recipient of *Japanese Woodcuts* (by Basil Gray) may recognise too many prints he knows. King Penguins have taken in *Monumental Brasses* (by Sir James Mann, 5s.) but they have no new or good solution to the old problem of how to illustrate them.

Among the serious books of the year which have so far escaped the corral, three are particularly noteworthy. The Oxford History of English Art has covered *1216-1307*, with a solid survey by Peter Brieger, and *1625-1714* – a landmark in the rapidly developing study of the seventeenth century – by Dr Whinney and Mr Millar. To those who have forgotten, as one often does, that art-history can be read with pleasure. I recommend Per Palme's *Triumph of Peace* (Thames & Hudson, 70s.) which cuts a wide swathe through the poetry, politics, manners, thaumaturgy and general genius of a golden age in the interests of the Banqueting House on which we gaze with unresponsive eyes from the top of the Whitehall Bus.

L. G.

Three handsome picture-books available for Christmas are: *Europe* – Martin Hürlimann's photographs, introductory essay by Raymond Mortimer; *England* – Edwin Smith's photographs, Geoffrey Grigson's text (Thames & Hudson, 50s. each); and *A Folio of Fruit* (Ariel Press, 30s.) – twelve paintings by Carlos von Riefel selected by Eva Mannering and printed in litho-offset.

Other timely compilations are *English Love Poems* edited by John Betjeman and Geoffrey Taylor (Faber, 15s.); *The Bodley Head Leacock*, edited by J. B. Priestley (Bodley Head, 20s.); *The Bedside Guardian* 6 (Collins, 13s. 6d.); *The Saturday Book* 17 (Hutchinson, 30s.); *The Book of Leisure*, edited by John Pudney (Odhams, 20s.); *Winter's Tales* 3 (Macmillan, 18s.); *Best Horror Stories*, edited by John Keir Cross (Faber, 15s.).

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Week-end Competition

No. 1,450 Set by Marmaduke Dench

It used to be the pleasant and economical custom of poets to write verses as New Year gifts to important personages. The usual prizes are offered for such verses (not exceeding 12 lines) dedicated to any one of the following: Tommy Steele, Lord Hailsham, Hugh Trevor-Roper, P. B. H. May, Lord Altrincham, Mrs Gerald Legge and The Last Deb of 1958. Entries by December 24.

Result of No. 1,447 Set by L. Clarendon

'Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep' has been hymned by many poets; the usual prizes are offered for a sonnet on The Consolations of Insomnia.

Report

Are women more wakeful than men? The entries suggest it. At any rate, unlike the *Dunciad's* poets who were said 'sleepless themselves to give their readers sleep,' they added to my waking hours by forcing me to review the short list again and again. The consolations of insomnia were many: imaginary games of chess (R. A. McKenzie), whodunits (Joyce Alexander), meditating on one's sins (T. E. Hendrie) were three of them. Lyndon Irving's 'thought of volume one, *Decline and Fall*', solved many a *nuit blanche*, while Winifred Smith's burglar obviously profited by wakefulness. I recommend an award of two guineas to Barbara Roe, a guinea each to Rhoda Tuck Pook, P. J. Sidey, William Anthony and Barbara Sager. At their heels came J. A. Lindon, Margaret Dunnett, E. B. C. Jones, Margot Crosse, Pat Wain, P.M., Ambiguous and Audrey L. Laski.

The darkened hemisphere has gone to sleep:
It seems to worry no one else at all
How it can be that we contrive to keep
Precarious balance on this spinning ball.
I'm sure the thing's not safe in any case,
Hurtling along at goodness knows how many
Millions of miles an hour, and held in place
By very unconvincing means, if any.
Perhaps if we could leave it well alone,
And give up throwing bombs and moons about it,
There might be just a chance it would go on
At least till life's extinct, although I doubt it.
Who wants to sleep? I'd so much rather lie
And contemplate the cosmic mystery.

BARBARA ROE

What fools who, lying wakeful, number sheep!
Now I, once snug abed, am never bored,
Imagining all those perforce abroad
While I lie gloating – too content for sleep.
Who'd be on sentry-go when nights are raw?
A car revs up across the silent street
(The doctor, hauled from bed); come pacing feet,
The regulation bootfall of the law.
A foghorn! Middle watch is tough tonight.
The lorry-convoys pass, and overhead
Plane engines throb, adroitly piloted;
Below, street watchmen's bucket-fires glow bright.
I savour comfort, pleasurably stir,
Grin, flexing feline-wise, and all but purr.

RHODA TUCK POOK

Insomnia! Divine conspirator!
You are the answer to my appetite
For, while the dullards sleep, my stomach's plight
Is eased by stuffing pink meringues at four
And gluttony which (daily) I abhor
Finds full respectability at night.
The family, on waking, *look* all right
But only I have calories galore.

Nocturnal feasts of chicken from the fridge
(They say God helps the one who helps himself)
Are given just a touch of gipsy life –
For sleepless ones all share the privilege
Of eating things with fingers from the shelf
And *never* noticing the butter knife.

P. J. SIDEY

Insomnia, to introverts a boon!
When int'rest in myself begins to wane,
A deep analysis at night will soon
Rouse the Young Hamlet in me yet again.
Then with what sunken eyes I greet the morn!
How sullenly my fellow-men survey!
The masochism of the night has borne
The glorious misanthropy of day.
The sleepless extrovert attends his sheep,
And will not be consol'd by thee, my dear;
I love thee, yet I too would have thee keep
Thy chastity. The paradox is here:
Who with Insomnia could ever sleep?
Yet he who yields to Morpheus must be queer.

WILLIAM ANTHONY

Insomnia! a bonus gift from Time,
The body rested, while the mind is clear,
A chance for thoughts to reach a plane sublime,
And make our mundane problems disappear.

To sleep, as round the clock the hands revolve,
Will make us even as the counted sheep.
We've powers of reason, given us to solve
The problems of the world, while creatures sleep.

Let's keep ourselves from dozing if we can.
To spend the night in sleep is but tradition.
Here is a time for us to plot and plan
A world reform – (or treason and sedition),
Scheme out a Brave New World for Greater Man,
(Or write a sonnet for a competition).

BARBARA SAGER

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City Lights

Gloomy

The City is in the dumps. Stock exchange business has dried up and sterling is weaker. Those proceedings – and the thought of their repercussions – are largely responsible for the gloom that has settled over the City. Nor is the economic outlook particularly cheerful. American steel output is monotonously falling, and Wall Street – that rocket, those subways! – has taken another tumble. The London busmen have shaken the comfortable hope that we shall get through the New Year without labour unrest. The horizon is filled with new issues. Yes, definitely gloomy.

* * *

The market was expecting good results from the steel companies particularly those which have been expanding and which have a bias towards plate and other heavy products. Steel prices were raised sharply both in December and in July, not merely for the sake of offsetting cost increases but to provide the companies with a hard cash incentive to expansion. There is no doubt about the cash: Consett's profits are up by 15 per cent., South Durham's by 59 per cent., United Steel's by 38½ per cent. and Colvilles' by 35 per cent. All four companies have raised their dividends.

These dividend increases (two of the four were quite unexpected) are a break with the tradition of extreme niggardliness. They would be understandable if rights issues were in the offing, but with share prices depressed by the thought of an early election, rights issues are out. It has yet to be seen whether this is bravado or whether the companies have concocted some ingenious scheme for making re-nationalisation more difficult: World Bank loans seem a brighter idea than post-dated convertible debentures. But there is no doubt that several of them are in urgent need of fresh capital to finance their expansion plans and that the political threat overhanging the industry is making this capital extremely difficult to find.

Politics seem to be interfering with steel expansion in another way as well. The country will need another large strip mill for producing steel sheet in the early 1960s, and even the more cautious members of the industry, realising that after so long a delay it will be impossible to have a new mill in operation before 1965, now agree that work should begin as soon as possible. The company to build it has always been Richard Thomas & Baldwins, which is desperately anxious in any case to put up a new steel works at Newport and increase its steel supplies. But RTB is the only large steel company still to be denationalised – and denationalisation, a difficult enough matter in any case, would become almost impossible if the company were to saddle itself with an obligation to raise £150m. or so of fresh capital.

* * *

An underwriter's life, newspaper readers will be pleased to hear, is not completely filled with tribulation. The £41m. British Petroleum issue was pitched on such attractive terms that there was no danger, barring an ill-timed explosion in the Middle East, of the public not subscribing; a quick £5-6 premium on an application subscription of £10 has an obvious appeal, and the issue has now been talked up to the point where it is likely to be massively stagged. The underwriters – Robert Fleming, Schroders and Morgan Grenfell – will not in this case have to run much risk: they are charging a modest commission of 1 27/32 per cent. for their services, only slightly more than £750,000.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 422. How Good is Your Chess?

How good indeed? (Or how bad for that matter?) Leonard Barden is prepared to tell you, for my headline is the title of his new book (*Routledge and Kegan Paul*, 15s.). You are not just to play through his collection of games, you are to cover the page by a sheet of paper (preferably opaque) and lower it line by line, having first thought up the master's next move. If you've guessed right you can jot down the points conceded by Barden for that particular move. The maximum for each game is 50, and when you are through you can tot up your score and find out whether at 45-50 you are of master strength or at 0-7 a mere beginner; or whether at 15-24 you may qualify for one of the lower boards in a county team. So far as I am concerned the system would never do, for I would either cheat by peering under the paper, or I would confidently argue that the move suggested by me is much better than the one which happened to win the game. However, apart from whatever excitement (or boredom) may be offered by grading one's prowess, the book contains 35 very well selected and lucidly annotated games from fairly recent master practice. Here's a corker won by the young Russian grandmaster Tal in 1956.

(1) P-Q4, Kt-KB3; (2) P-QB4, P-KKt3; (3) Kt-QB3, B-Kt2; (4) P-K4, P-Q3; (5) P-B3, O-O; (6) B-K3, P-K4; (7) KKt-K2, P-B3; (8) Q-Kt3, P x P; (9) Kt x P, P-Q4! (10) BP x P, P x P; (11) P x P, Kt-B3! (12) P x Kt, R-K1; (13) K-B2? (O-O-O!), R x B! (14) R-Q1, Kt-Kt5 ch! (15) P x Kt, B x Kt; (16) R x B, Q x R; (17) Q-Q5, R-K7 ch! (18) K x R, B x P ch; (19) K-K1, R-K1 ch; (20) B-K2, R x B ch; (21) Resigns.

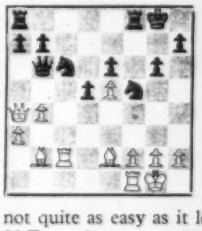
This little brilliancy is all the more remarkable as it was played at the 'lightning speed' of a 5 minutes-game. Here now is one of the author's own games, significant for his consistent exploitation of a strategical advantage.

(1) P-Q4, Kt-KB3; (2) P-QB4, P-KKt3; (3) P-KKt3, B-Kt2; (4) B-Kt2, O-O; (5) Kt-KB3, P-Q3; (6) O-O, Kt-B3; (7) P-Q5, Kt-QR4; (8) KKt-Q2, P-B3; (9) Kt-QB3, P x P; (10) P x P, Kt-Kt5; (11) R-Kt1, B-Q2; (12) P-KR3, Kt-K4; (13) P-Kt3? Q-B1! (14) P-QKt4, Kt (R4)-B5! (15) K-R2, Kt x Kt; (16) Q x Kt, B-B4; (17) Kt-K4, Q-B5; (18) P-B3, KR-B1; (19) R-Q1, Q-B7; (20) R-Kt2, Q-R5! (21) Q-K1, R-B2; (22) Kt-Q2? B-B7; (23) Kt-Kt3, B x R; (24) Q x B, QR-QB1; (25) R-Q2, Q x KtP; (26) P-KR4, P-QR4! (27) P-R3, Q-Kt3; (28) P-R4, R-B6; (29) B-KR3, R(B1)-B2; (30) P-B4, Q x Kt; (31) Resigns.

Finally, a game won by Kurt Richter in 1952 in his usual dashing style.

(1) P-K4, P-Q3; (2) P-Q4, Kt-KB3; (3) Kt-QB3, P-KKt3; (4) P-KR4, B-Kt2; (5) B-K2, P-KR4; (6) B-Kt5, QKt-Q2; (7) Kt-B3, P-B3; (8) Q-Q3, Kt-Kt5; (9) Kt-R2, QKt-B3; (10) Kt x Kt, Kt x Kt; (11) P-B3, Kt-B3; (12) O-O-O, Q-R4; (13) P-K5! Kt-Q4; (14) Kt x Kt, Q x Kt; (15) Q-R3! Q-K3; (16) P-Q5! P x QP; (17) P x P, Q x P; (18) R x P! Q-B2; (19) B-Kt5 ch, K-B1; (20) Q-B5, Q-R4; (21) B-R4! B x P ch; (22) K x B, Q x B; (23) R-Q8 ch! K-Kt2; (24) Q-K5 ch, resigns.

A: Praha 1957



The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position. Black went in for what Capablanca would have called *une petite combinaison*, achieving a winning advantage in a few moves. How? **B** should be easy for 6 ladder-points with the helpful hint that White, to force the draw, must get rid of all his pieces. **C** (for 7) is a win and not quite as easy as it looks. Usual prizes. Entries by 23 December.

B: Schwers 1922

C: Henri Rinck 1906

REPORT on No. 419. Set on 23 November.

A: (1) . . . BxP ch; (2) KxB, R-R4, etc.
B: (1) B-K5, BxB ch; (2) RxB ch, K-B1; (3) R-K8 ch, KxR; (4) P-Kt7, R-Kt1; (5) P-B6, etc.
C: (1) B-R4!; (B-R5?), R-Kt7; (2) B-Kt5! (B-K1?), R-Kt8 ch; (3) B-B1; K-Kt6; (4) RxR, PxR(B); (5) B-B4 ch, etc.
If (1) . . . R-Kt8 ch; (2) B-K1, R-Kt7; (3) B-B3, R-KKt7; (4) B-Q4, etc.

Many stumped by **C**, but C. Allen, K. Beaumont, R. C. Chaturvedi, J. R. Harman, W. T. Maccall, J. Mitchell merely dropped a point by ignoring the more subtle of the main lines [(1) . . . R-Kt7!]. Only M. P. Furmston, A. J. Roycroft and C. Sandberg saw every subtlety. They share the prizes. ASSIAC

Company Meeting

BARCLAYS BANK D.C.O.

LIQUIDITY MAINTAINED

The thirty-second ordinary general meeting of Barclays Bank D.C.O. will be held on Jan. 3 in London.

The following are extracts from the statement by the chairman, Mr. J. S. Crossley, circulated with the report and accounts for the year to September 30, 1957: –

For the first time we have to produce our accounts without the figures relating to the Egyptian section which represented slightly more than 5 per cent. of the total business of the Bank. Last year's balance sheet included credit balances at Egyptian branches of £35.8 millions, advances to customers and bills discounted of £17.6 millions, the balance of £18.2 millions being represented by cash and local investments in the form of Egyptian Government Treasury Bills and short term Government obligations. It is necessary to subtract these figures from the totals of last year's balance sheet in order to make a fair comparison with this year. This shows that there has been an increase in the figure for current, deposit and other accounts of £36.2 millions and an increase of £22 millions in the total of discounts and advances to customers. In other words, the loss of the Egyptian section of the business has been made good in the balance sheet by expansion elsewhere.

TIGHTNESS OF MONEY

The Bank's liquidity has been maintained throughout at a satisfactory level and we have not been faced with the need to sell investments. The chief feature of the year, nevertheless, has been the continuing tightness of money, a feature which appears to have persisted in most monetary centres not only in Europe but also in Canada and the United States. The high rates ruling on Treasury Bills in London and on short term Government debt had led in 1956 to an increase in the rate of interest being paid on fixed deposits here and in certain overseas territories. The full force of this was felt during the year under review.

In May last we published, for the first time, a figure showing our estimated net earnings for the first half of the year under review. The fact that they were less than one-half of the previous year's total may have prepared you for some falling off in the earnings for the full year as compared with 1956, especially as there has been no contribution from the Egyptian section. The full figures for the year show a net profit of £1,161,473, which is some 8 per cent. below the figure for 1956.

CONTINUED EXPANSION

The reduced profit is not due to any falling off in the Bank's business, apart from Egypt. Elsewhere the Bank has continued to expand; 77 more offices are open now than were open a year ago, and although it may be some time before any substantial proportion of them is contributing to the credit side of the profit and loss account, they afford an indication of growth and point the way to future expansion. The number of accounts on our books has increased at a rate which compares very favourably with previous years. The basic cause of the reduced earnings in our case, therefore, is not a decrease in the volume of business. It is due to an increase in operating costs, which is a feature commonly enough met with today in company reports covering a wide variety of industries in which reduced earnings are usually attributable to a narrowing of profit margins.

Dare I mention the third dimension?

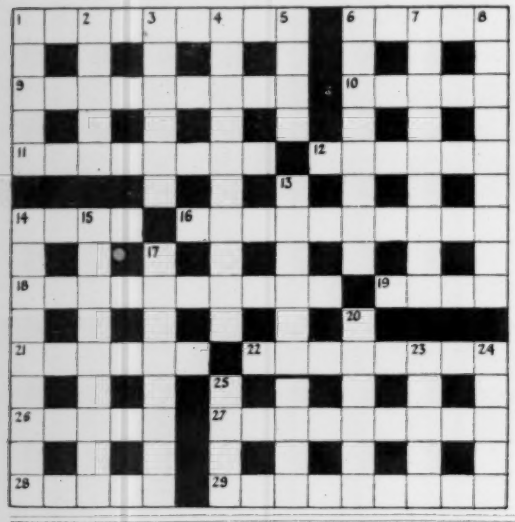
post this slip

To:
JUXTA GAMES, 15 Southernhay Ave., BRISTOL 8
Please send me the rules free by return
I enclose 13/6 plus 1/6 post, please send by return

LODGE
patents pending
new, simple, complicated, fascinating cube game
my name and address is:

Week-end Crossword 281

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 281, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by Friday, 20 December.



ACROSS

1. Aids to beauty if you have to cope with wolves (9).
6. Resorts for a rich man (5).
9. A pig never varies where there is fruit to be had (9).
10. The first-class piece is back for a bone (5).
11. The trouble exists in the subtlety of meaning (8).
12. Look out when there is a dangerous insect about to turn hostile (6).
14. Paper boy? (4).
16. Not taking any notice of the girl to compose a poem about a playwright (10).
18. I show signs of weariness in school, but this is just a piece of frivolity (10).
19. Among you French this Russian would become energetic (4).
21. Genuinely make friends again (6).
22. Her sides are distorted in a backward curve (8).
26. Country which is a state without an inside (5).
27. Hat for a male with somewhere to send the mail (9).
28. Gods who have their place in the popular esteem (5).
29. Expedient used to produce a gang of workers (9).

DOWN

1. A crook inside under hard labour (5).
2. I am under cover as an animal (5).
3. A good call-up for one who sells food (6).
4. Something to wear when it is cold in a communist country (10).
5. Washes up a dish (4).
6. Hesitated but thereabouts acted (8).
7. Being very shaky most of the team are bowled by a sailor (9).
8. The holidays are up and the green is untidy so he collects the rubbish (9).
13. A dangerous place for sailors to deposit money confronted with the pursuer (6, 4).
14. There is something disagreeable about a pools entry in this factory (9).
15. Herb discovers a communist rising under a European (9).
17. Being a playwright I live among documents (8).
20. Stage whispers at first get ideas muddled (6).
23. People who appear in a show twice nightly (5).
24. Advantage as a tennis term (5).
25. She married an Old Testament character (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 279

P	I	M	P	L	Y	■	S	C	R	I	P	T	E	D
E	■	E	■	I	■	C	■	O	■	N	■	E	■	I
R	O	T	T	E	N	R	O	W	■	T	E	N	O	R
I	■	O	■	G	■	E	■	E	■	I	■	E	■	E
C	O	N	C	E	I	V	E	S	■	M	U	M	P	S
O	■	■	■	A	■	■	■	A	■	E	■	T	■	■
P	R	I	A	M	■	S	E	M	I	T	O	N	E	■
E	■	N	■	A	■	S	■	E	■	E	■	T	■	P
■	M	E	A	N	N	E	S	S	■	S	U	S	I	E
C	■	L	■	G	■	■	■	S	■	■	■	■	■	N
H	Y	E	N	A	■	S	L	I	M	W	A	I	S	T
E	■	G	■	N	■	E	■	D	■	I	■	M	■	A
R	E	A	D	E	■	D	O	O	D	L	E	B	U	G
U	■	N	■	S	■	A	■	R	■	T	■	U	■	O
B	I	T	T	E	R	N	S	■	A	S	T	E	R	N

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 279

Maurice Rider (Hythe, Kent), John Foot (Yelverton), M. D. Buckalter (Blackrock, Dublin)

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

MONTREAL, CANADA
MONTREAL HEBREW OLD PEOPLE'S HOME
is seeking

(1) OCCUPATIONAL THERAPIST—salary range $2,500-$3,300.00

(2) SOCIAL GROUP WORKER—salary range $3,000-$3,700.00

We offer the following benefits: cumulative sick leave, annual paid holiday, 5 day week, superannuation, regular annual increments.

Please apply stating age, educational background, professional training and experience. Testimonials from former employers to be sent directly to: A. Deskin, Administrator, Montreal Hebrew Old People's Home, 4373 Esplanade Avenue, Montreal, Quebec, Canada.

MARKETING AND RESEARCH

An unusual opportunity occurs in a well-known London advertising agency for a University graduate aged about 26 with a good knowledge of statistics and a keen interest in consumer and market research. The position will cover a wide range of activities and offer good prospects for advancement. This vacancy is known to our staff.

All applications, which should be in detail, will be treated in the strictest confidence.

Box 6972.

OPPORTUNITY TO HELP INDUSTRY

Executives (30-45) are invited to join leading Company of Management Consultants for interesting and worthwhile work in industry and commerce. Applicants must have appropriate administrative or practical industrial/commercial experience, coupled with an analytical approach to management problems, and the ability to get on with people at all levels. Letters of application, outlining education, qualifications and experience, should be addressed to Box 590, R. Anderson & Co., 14 William Street, London, WC2.

ST. HILDA'S College, Oxford. Applications are invited from women graduates with secretarial training for the post of College Secretary at a salary on the scale of £550 to £700 per annum. The appointment will date from 1 September 1958. Further particulars may be obtained from the Principal, to whom applications should be sent by 1 January 1958.

MID Herts Group Hospital Management Committee. Clinic Secretary required for Hertfordshire Child Guidance Service which has several branch clinics with administrative headquarters at Hill End, St. Albans. Responsible post calling for organising ability, initiative and tact, as well as good speeds in shorthand and typing. Supervise office staff of five. Salary on Grade 'D' of Whitley Council, viz., £556-£659 per annum. Applications, stating age, experience and shorthand and typing speeds, together with the names of two referees, to the Medical Director, Child Guidance Clinic, Hill End, St. Albans, Herts, by 15 January 1958.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

WAR Office. Director-General of Works. The Civil Service Commission invites applications for the newly created post of Director-General of Works in the War Office. The post will be filled by competitive interview. The Director-General of Works will be together with a senior administrative civil servant the joint head of a new organisation composed of professional, technical and administrative civilian staff which will in future be responsible for the design, planning and execution of Army Works Services at home and overseas. His task will call for qualities of vision and creative energy and for exceptional ability in the supervision of a complex and widely dispersed organisation. The salary offered is £4,250. Applicants, who must be at least 35 years of age on 1 January 1958, should possess professional qualifications in the architectural, civil engineering or allied fields. The work of the organisation will include the design, erection and maintenance of important buildings and the preparation of large building and engineering schemes, and wide experience in these spheres is desirable. Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 30 Old Burlington Street, London, W1, quoting D.G.W. Application forms should be returned by 15 January 1958.

UNIVERSITY of London, Goldsmiths' College. Applications, preferably from painters and sculptors, are invited for the post of Principal of the Goldsmiths' College School of Art which will become vacant on or after 1 Jan. 1958. Sal. scale £1,650+£50—£1,800, plus London Allowance. Further partics. may be obtained from the Warden of Goldsmiths' College, New Cross, Ldn., SE14.

LONDON County Council. Post of responsibility. Applications invited from qualified teachers for appointment to Council's service (if not already in permanent service) and assignment to following school. Allowance subject to approval of Council on appointment. New school for Boys in North Kensington; Headmaster, E. Davies (for about 1,000 boys; occupying premises of Florence Gladstone and N. Kensington Secondary Schools, expected to open September 1958). Variety of courses, academic, technical and commercial will be provided at all levels, leading to G.C.E 'O' and 'A' levels and other external examinations. Deputy Headmaster (£325): good qualifications, organising ability, varied teaching experience and interest in whole field of education. Form EO/TS/.10(SR) (s.a.e. f'scap) from and returnable to Divisional Officer, 131 Holland Park Avenue, W11. Closing date 20 December. (2250.)

APPLICATIONS are invited for a Clinical Psychologist (or probationer grade) in the Fountain Hospital Group (800 beds). The work includes the examination of mentally and physically handicapped children and the rehabilitation of retarded women. Opportunities for team and individual research. Salary £700 (at age 25) to £975, plus London weighting and Whitley Council conditions. Applications, with details of qualifications and experience, and the names of two referees, should be sent by 1 January to the Group Secretary, Fountain Hospital, Tooting Grove, London, SW17.

KODAK Ltd. require advertising copywriter. Experience not necessary but evidence of writing ability must be sent with application. Write Kodak Ltd., Dept. 125A, Wealdstone, Harrow, Middx.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

AUSTRALIA—University of Queensland. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in English. Preference will be given to candidates possessing special qualifications in the fields of English Language, early English Literature and general Germanic philology; but the teaching duties of the successful candidate will not necessarily be confined to these fields. Salary £A1,300/£A1,750 per annum. Further particulars are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in Australia & London on 31 Jan. 1958.

GENERAL Secretary reqd. April 1958 by British Branch of International work camp movement. Salary modest but opportunity for interesting and worthwhile work with some travel. Scope for initiative. Apply in first instance to: Chairman, International Voluntary Service, 72 Oakley Square, London, NW1.

LANCASHIRE County Council. Librarian required at Prestwich Hospital (Mental), near Manchester. Salary £575-£725. Librarian will be required, if necessary, to undertake and/or organise educational activities for the patients. Applicants should be Chartered Librarians or holders of equivalent qualifications in Education or Social Science. Appointment superannuable and subject to medical examination. Application (with 2 testimonials) to the County Librarian, County Hall, Preston, by 28 December 1957.

MID Herts Group Hospital Management Committee, Hertfordshire Child Guidance Service. Senior Psychiatric Social Worker required 1 January 1958 for the above Service. Considerable scope and responsibility offered. Car driver. Whitley Council salary and conditions. Appls. to Medical Director, Child Guidance Clinic, Hill End, St. Albans, Herts.

SISTER, SRN, required in January for unusual work in Home for psychotic and maladjusted children aged 3-10 within easy reach of Central London. Candidates must have had good residential work with children. Applications to Secretary, Mid Herts Group Hospital Management Committee, Bleak House, Catherine Street, St. Albans, Herts, from whom further partics. obtainable.

HOSPITAL Management Committee for St Francis and the Lady Chichester Hospitals. The Lady Chichester Hospital, New Church Road, Hove, Sussex. Psychiatric Social Worker required. The Lady Chichester Hospital is a Neurosis Centre of 72 beds for men, women and children with Out-Patients' Department. Salary as laid down by the Professional and Technical Whitley Council. Candidates should hold the Mental Health Certificate of the London School of Economics or any other approved certificate. Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience together with the names of two persons to whom reference may be made, to be forwarded as soon as possible to the Secretary, St Francis Hospital, Haywards Heath, Sussex.

YOUTH Club Leader, full-time, qualified and experienced, required for a mixed club with junior section West London. Accommodation available. Pension scheme. Reply to Organising Secretary, Feathers Clubs Association, 29 Mulready St, London, NW8.

THE HILLEL Foundation—(Jewish student centre and welfare organisation) requires high-grade shorthand/typist as secretary to Director. Fully experienced general office routine. Write full details to 1 Endsleigh Street, WC1

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

COUNTY Council of Essex. Applications invited for the following posts at Remand Home for 19 girls near Chelmsford. (i) Teacher or Supervisor able to teach simple handwork and to provide other organised activities for girls: (ii) Superviser to instruct and supervise girls in domestic duties in the Home. Both posts also involve general duties in connection with the welfare, occupation and supervision of the girls. Salary for qualified Teacher Burnham Scale with two additional increments and payment not exceeding £180 a year for extraneous duties, less £120 board and lodging. Salary for Supervisor within range £520—£600 less £116 board and lodging. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

SURREY. A lively young woman with a warm heart for children and an interest in their early education, by 'progressive' methods, is needed in January or as soon as possible thereafter, for a resident post sharing the Housemothering of a small family of boarders, and some nursery teaching with other staff. Write fully to The Principal, New Sherwood School, Epsom.

SLUM-BOUND Gramophone Record Co. seeks (paradoxically) good, fast shorthand-typist. Interesting conditions including fantastically long hours and a temperamental Managing Director. Furthermore we seek a production man for traffic control of printing, advertising and such. A knowledge of classical music would ease his way. Conditions as above. 'Phone Mr. Shaw, LAD. 2080.

CABINET-maker wanted for new firm setting out to build decent residential caravans at fair prices. Landsmans Services, Buckden, Huntingdon. (Tel. Buckden 287.)

ASSISTANT Housemother urgently needed for small Mothercraft Training Centre in Dundee. Write Box 6965.

BATMAN-pensioner reqd by Ex-Officer widower, general household duties and personal attention. Comfortable billet Bucks. Easy hours. Appointment by arrangement, expenses paid. Refs essential. Box 7057.

SECRETARY reqd. by Music Publishers, with knowledge Classical Music. Box 7074.

A COURT Agency Post awaits you! All Secretarial staff, personal attention. No fees. Call or 'phone immed. introds. 37a Kensington High St. WES. 6373.

AT Conduit St. Bureau (GRO. 7080), 4 Conduit Street, Oxford Circus. Daily 9-7. Sats. 9-1. Every Male/Female office post available. No fees to Staff.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

GERMAN, m., 29, sks. job teaching evening convers. classes, 4 years' exp. in Dublin Lang. School. State terms. Box 6824.

YOUNG gentleman, presentable, uil qualifications or ability, but wiling, desires remunerative post. Box 7042.

YOUNG German lady, trained interpreter English, French, Political Science Diploma, Berlin, seeks teaching, translations. Write Doerfel, Heidelberg, 7, Rottmanstr.

MABEL Eyles & Partners (Duplg, Translating, Reporting). Verbatim Shthnd. Writers: 'Round the Clock' Duplg, 395 Hornsey Rd, N19. ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701.

STELLA Fisher Bureau invites inquiries from employers requiring administrative or secretarial staff of either sex. 436 Strand, WC2. TEM. 6644.

STUDENTSHIPS, SCHOLARSHIPS AND GRANTS

THE University of Manchester. Research Studentships and Research Grants in Economic and Social Studies. Applications are invited for the above studentships and grants, tenable for one year in the first instance, and renewable for a further period not exceeding two years. The studentships are normally of the value of £350 or £400 per annum. They are offered to candidates who have obtained the degree of Bachelor or Master in this or any other approved University. Applications should be sent not later than 15 February 1958 to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

STANBURY Scholarship in Stage Design, tenable at Slade School of Fine Art for one year from October 1958, may be awarded to a suitable applicant having either previous art school training or practical experience in the theatre. Application forms can be obtained from the Secretary, Slade School, University College, London, Gower St., WC; they should be returned and samples of work delivered by 15 January, 1958.

PERSONAL

FOSTER home wanted for 15 yr. old intelligent boy, affection and guidance reqd. Southern country area prefd. Box 7003.

YOUNG Lady rqd. gen. house duties in France. Opp. learn French. Box 7047.

LYRIC-Writer, first cl., able to set words to music wanted by composer. Box 7040.

GRADUATE with Journ. exp. studying at LSE wishes to work for MP or Writer engaged on social or econ. research. Can type, cook and manage other miscellaneous jobs efficiently (full or part time). Box 6963.

YNG. bach. (Newcastle area), wide interests, seeks m. companion for country cottage holiday, 28 Dec-4 Jan. Box 7002.

BARGAIN, lady's barathea ski-trousers, worn once, £8. KIN. 3353.

STUDENT (26) free for winter, wd. be companion-help to anyone following sun. Conv. French, Italian, Spanish. Box 6998.

H. D. HUGHES, Arthur Ling, Percy Marshall, Graeme Shankland and Wyndham Thomas at Fabian New Year School on 'The Future of Britain's Cities'. 3-5 January, Beatrice Webb House, Dorking. Details 11 Dartmouth St, SW1. WHI 3077.

COLLECTOR of Editors' rejection slips seeks quiet cottage Jan.-March/April. Not having cat, no disadvantage if cannot be swung. Near sea (Devon? C/wall?) ideal. Up to £5 monthly, less pref. Box 6901.

FOREIGN girl reqd., cook etc. Evenings free. Own room. AMB. 7644.

XMAS in Scotland, minicar seats avlble. £2 rtn. Lon.-Edinburgh. Box 6894.

DEVON. Old-fashioned Christmas Party at moorland, Tudor Farmhouse overlooking Chagford. Yule logs, holly, etc. Five gns. inclusive. Apply Walker, Thule, Chagford.

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PETER Owen is editing and publishing an anthology of original poetry and prose, Springtime Two. Contributions invited, typed, accompanied by S.A.E. to 149 Holland Rd, W14.

PRESENT Problem? Give tickets for Chopin's Fantasia in F minor and wide recital programme by brilliant broadcasting pianist Raymond O'Connell, Wigmore Hall, 3 p.m. Saturday 18 January. Tickets 3s., 6s., 9s. from Ibbs and Tillett and usual agents.

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PERSONAL—continued

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CHRISTMAS party—Beatrice Webb Ho, Dorking—24/29 December. 30s. a day; minimum charge £7 10s. Bookings from Manageress (£1 deposit). Tel. Abinger 404.

YOUNGSTERS' (8 to 18) Country house party. Ponies to ride and Pantomimes to see; dances, fancy dress, square and ballroom dances; organised outings and games, from 30 December to 14 January. For particulars apply The Secretary, Parndon Hall, Harlow, Essex. Tel. Harlow 24511.

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THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St, WC1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists.

THE Shop of Distinction: For your convenience Primavera, 149 Sloane Street, Street, SW1, is open until 5 p.m. on Saturdays 7, 14, and 21 December.

IF you cannot afford a holiday have a course of Nerve Manipulation. A reintegrating treatment, relaxing, invigorating and stimulating. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck Street, W1. WEL. 9600. Ask for brochure.

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PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, SW7. KENsington 8042.

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